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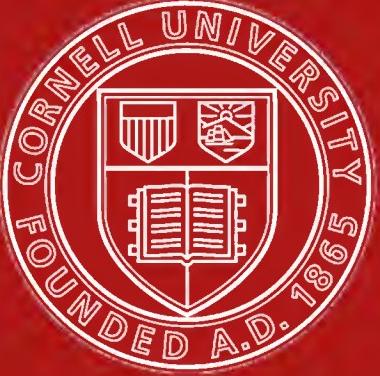
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PICTURES

BY

SIR A. W. CALLCOTT, R.A.





J. COUSEN. SCULPT^R

CROSSING THE STREAM.

SIR A.W. CALLCOTT, R.A. PINX^T

PICTURES

BY

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WITH DESCRIPTIONS

AND

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE PAINTER

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"GREAT MASTERS OF ART," ETC., ETC.

LONDON

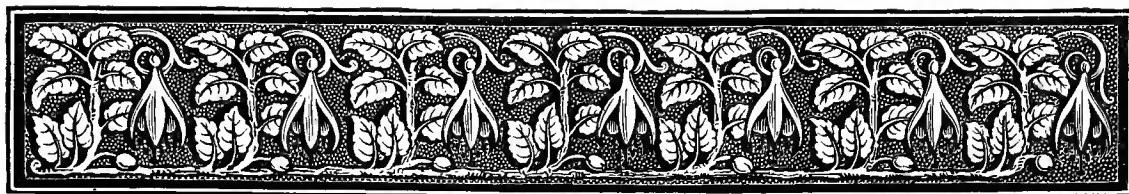
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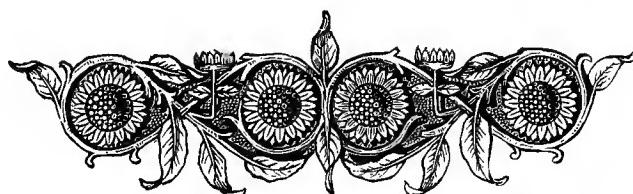
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INTRODUCTION.



LOOKING into the histories of the various schools of painting since the revival of Art, it may be affirmed, without any fear of contradiction, that not one presents a parallel case with our own of rapid growth to maturity. It occupied the Italians three centuries, from the thirteenth to the fifteenth, both inclusive, to develop their school, and another century fully to establish it. The Spanish School, commencing about the middle of the fifteenth century, reached its climax, in the works of Murillo and Velasquez, towards the close of the seventeenth. Both of these schools have long been practically defunct. That of the Flemings and Dutch, which bear so close a resemblance, and therefore may be coupled together, began in the middle of the fifteenth century, and attained its highest point about the end of the seventeenth: yet so far as regards the former, we find in the works of the modern Belgian painters a vigour and general excellence not unworthy of its ancient renown. The foundation of the French School was laid early in the seventeenth century; it progressed through the eighteenth century by the labours of E. Lesueur, Le Brun, Jouvenet, David, &c., but it scarcely reached maturity till the earlier part of the present, as exemplified in the works of Delacroix, Delaroche, Decamps, Géricault, Gerard, and others.

Till the latter half of the present century England had no school of painting: and, in fact, till the appearance of Hogarth, who died in 1764, we had no artist of any great eminence, except the portrait-painters of the reign of Charles I., Cooper, Dobson, and Oliver. But the founders of our school—Reynolds, Wilson, Gainsborough, Barry, Northcote, Opie, Romney, and others—some of whom were living at the commencement of the present century—were the pioneers of a numerous and distinguished body of artists, whose works, except, perhaps, in the department of

history, sacred, secular, and fabled, will bear comparison with those of any age or country. Fifty years sufficed to place England on a level with the best Art-epochs of the Continent; for if we have not produced a Raffaelle, a Leonardo da Vinci, or a Guido, it must be borne in mind that we have exhibited a greater diversity of talent and more originality than the most famous schools of Italy ever exhibited. If we are behind all others in historical painting, it is the result of circumstances rather than of any deficiency of talent: the commercial axiom that the demand usually regulates the supply is scarcely less applicable to Art, for there can be no reasonable expectation of the latter without the requirements of the former. Italy, throughout her long period of artistic excellence, asked for little more than the representations of saints, and martyrs, and sacred history, though in process of time secular subjects of various kinds were added to these: consequently, the talents of her painters were chiefly dedicated to what may be termed ecclesiastical Art. Protestantism effected almost as remarkable a change in painting as in religious forms and ceremonies. It opened a wider field for the talents of the artist; and as the doctrines of Huss, and Luther, and Calvin soon spread over the Low Countries, there arose in them the numerous classes of landscape and *genre*-painters who have served more or less as models for those of our own school.

England is of all countries that in which landscape-painting has reached the highest point of excellence, though it must be admitted that both France and Belgium—the former especially—have within the last few years produced some admirable works of this kind, *after their manner*—one entirely distinct from our own. In England, too, it meets with the most liberal encouragement, as the enormous sums given for pictures by Turner, D. Cox, W. Müller, and one or two more, abundantly prove: and, perhaps, in this latter fact we may find the cause of the former, inasmuch as, according to what was just stated, the demand regulates the supply. Nor would it be difficult to assign a reason why this class of Art is so generally esteemed among us: we English are proverbially lovers of the country—of its scenery, its occupations, its amusements, its retirement, and its quietude. The nobleman or the untitled landed proprietor, whose estates have been handed down through successive generations, exults in his broad acres as his eye surveys park and pasture, woods, and golden cornfields; and, while he feels they are the sources whence his wealth and influence are derived—or, at least, that they are eminently associated with his social position—he admires the beauty of the landscape, he plants and cuts down, he opens out views and closes up spaces, to aid Nature in forming what to his eye is the picturesque. The English merchant and the prosperous tradesman, unlike those of most foreign countries, leave the mart, the exchange, the counting-house or the shop, when the labours of the day are over, for their suburban villas with neatly-trimmed lawns and well-stocked

gardens, and half-a-dozen acres of grass, perhaps, for the cow and the poultry: and so these become aids to the enjoyment of real rural life. And, descending to a lower scale in the social system, the artisan, whose mind has not become vitiated and his senses dulled by the dramshop—the great curse of England—finds relief from his ceaseless toil, on the few holidays which fall to his lot during the year, in wandering with his wife and children into some remote outskirt of the crowded city or town wherein he dwells, that they may breathe the perfumes of wild flowers and meadow-grass, and refresh their eyes with the verdure of green fields and stately trees. “The architecture of castles and palaces,” says an American writer (Mr. J. J. Jarves), “the statues of local divinities, the designs of escutcheons and sepulchral monuments, address the feelings both of love and pride which bind generations of men together;” but there is something that addresses the feelings, and invites the admiration of every human being—though her voice speaks more eloquently and persuasively to some than to others—and that is Nature, in her grandeur and her simplicity, in her tempests and her calm. In such contemplation the peer and the peasant, the learned and the ignorant, stand on equal ground; science, philosophy, education, a refined taste, are needless as they are inoperative, to create a love of the beautiful, or for its real appreciation. A man can no more close his heart against its influences than he can effectually seal up his eyes to the brightness of the meridian sun; and though he may be unable to explain how he is affected by the light of the one and the magnificence of the other, he feels his sensibilities are awakened, and is glad.

I am not among the number of those who regard landscape-painting as an art requiring little mental capacity, nor even as one of a comparatively inferior character. The eye that is ever resting on the amplitude and the glory of the works of a Divine Maker, the imagination which is filled with their beauty and impressive power, receives what must expand and elevate the mind. Can that be an inferior art that portrays the thunderstorm as it echoes from peak to peak of Alpine mountain, till every living creature is awed by its terrible majesty—that paints the sun as he wakes up a world from slumber; or decks it with “a robe of molten gold,” as he sinks in the western horizon—that reveals to our eyes the rushing of the cataract or the murmur of the rivulet, so that we fancy our ears catch the rippling of the one and the roar of the other—that leads us beside pastures of living green, or into the cool recesses of shady woods—that shows us the husbandman binding his sheaves, and the rustic dotting the meadow with tiny mounds of newly-mown and sweet-scented grass? Is that an art of inferior degree which compels the closest study of the subtleties and the delicacies of Nature in her ever-shifting moods, her infinite varieties of materials, and her operations; which requires a certain amount of botanical knowledge to delineate the forms and

anatomy of trees and plants; of the science of geology, with reference to the construction and colour of rocks and other irregular masses; of so much of meteorology as to understand the laws which regulate the action of the sun with regard to light and shade, the motion of the clouds, and atmospheric appearances; and of chemistry, with respect to the uses and properties of colours? I do not say that every good landscape-painter has all this knowledge in himself, so as to be able to give a rule for whatever he does; but he must possess a practical knowledge, though he may be partially ignorant of theories, or he will never become a faithful copyist of Nature; and if landscape-painting requires so many varied attainments, each being in itself of a high character, such Art must not be lightly spoken of as one of secondary degree. It may be doubted much whether any class of art offers to those who practise it so much real enjoyment; for, whether sketching in the fields, or working in the solitude of the studio, they are always in communion with the beautiful: like the children of Israel when thick darkness overspread the land of Egypt, they have ever “light in *their* dwellings.”

Opinions differ, or, perhaps it should rather be said, tastes differ, on the subject of what constitutes picturesque beauty: the conclusion at which all arrive, however, results from one cause—the faculty of perception and of appreciation in each individual; for it is scarcely possible to define the picturesque in landscape by any determinate rules or abstract propositions. All nature is beautiful after its kind; that is, it has within itself the essential elements of beauty in one form or other; but every mind is not capable of seeing and analysing, though it may be of enjoying, them; and, therefore, cannot comprehend them: just as certain chords of music, which are sweet to the ear of one listener, fall heedlessly or inharmoniously on that of another. One man can see much to admire in a hedge-row, and another in a forest; one in a vast extent of level plain chequered with light of sun and shade of cloud, and another in some cavernous glen which the sunbeams rarely penetrate; one in a range of alpine mountains whose peaks are covered with eternal snows, another in the verdant meadows enamelled with the golden kingcup and pink-eyed daisy; one in the peasant’s cottage over whose whitened walls the red rose and fragrant honeysuckle climb and mingle, and another in the relics of some old castle hoary with age and tinted with the hues of moss and lichens; one in “the willowy brook that turns a mill,” and another in the broad expanse of ocean, restless, upheaving, and suggestive of danger and of death.

It is necessary, however, in forming an accurate opinion of an object or series of objects, that the mind be fully impressed with its distinctive character; but it does not always happen—indeed, the contrary is often the case—that the mind actually receives what the eye looks upon. Locke remarks, in his “Essay on

the Understanding :”—“This is certain, that whatever alterations are made in the body, if they reach not the mind, and whatever impressions are made on the outward parts, if they are not taken notice of within, there is no perception. Fire may burn our bodies with no other effect than it does a billet, unless the motion be continued to the brain, and there the sense of heat, or idea of pain, be produced in the mind, wherein consists actual perception. How often may a man observe in himself, that whilst his mind is intently employed in the contemplation of some subjects, and curiously observing some ideas that are there, it takes no notice of impressions of sounding bodies made upon the organ of hearing, with the same attention that uses to be for the producing the ideas of sound. A sufficient impulse there may be on the organ, but, it not reaching the observation of the mind, there follows no perception, and though the motion that uses to produce the idea of sound be made in the ear, yet no sound is heard.” Now if this be true with regard to the faculty of hearing, it is equally, indeed even more so, with reference to the faculty of sight. Most of us, it may be presumed, know what it is to have the eyes fixed on an object without seeing it, simply because the mind is otherwise occupied, and, therefore, receives no impression of what meets the vision: and even where impression is made, the effect is frequently not *felt*, from the absence of sensibility to the power possessed by the object of conferring pleasure or any other sensation. I have often remarked this in persons standing before a piece of sculpture; it has no colour to attract the eye, no combination of rich and brilliant tints, like those in a painting, to dazzle and charm; perhaps, too, it tells no story, conveys no ideas to an unimaginative mind, and makes no appeal to the passions; its excellences may lie only in beauty of form, graceful attitude, and symmetrical proportions—qualities which are lost on some minds, or are incomprehensible to them; and hence the work is regarded as little more than a piece of highly-polished marble, sculptured into the likeness of a human being, but totally incapable of calling up one sympathising emotion or a single ennobling thought. A similar deadness of feeling towards other objects that may be really designated picturesque is by no means uncommon. Many years ago I remember hearing a lady expostulating with an artist who was sketching, on the beach at Brighton, the hull of an old fishing-smack, which time and the sea had richly tinted, in preference to a gaily-painted yacht lying at anchor close by: she was “astonished at his want of taste:” the yacht was more picturesque in her eyes than the weatherbeaten boat of the fisherman. Here was an example, not of absolute blindness of perception, but of perverted faculties.

Nor is this absence of true sensibility limited to the contemplation of Art. There are those on whom the most glorious works of Nature make no vivid or lasting impression; who stand upon the topmost height of the mountain-range when the

night-mists are rising from off the plains, or the western sun is throwing gigantic shadows across them; who dive into the depths of the forest, where towering trees form a lengthened aisle of clustering branches; and yet find nothing to love, nothing to admire in the living beauty of the one, or the quiet grandeur of the other: no lesson of devotion is taught, no spark of veneration is kindled, by such scenes as these. Nature is little else than a blank page to some minds, or, if she discourses eloquently, her voice is not heard.

All painters have, or are presumed to have, a sense of the beautiful, which they endeavour to embody in their works; but this sense is seen to vary as much in them as it does in any other class of individuals: each has his own idea of the picturesque, and strives to define it by his pencil. One finds it in the moor and the mountain, another in the meadows and the hamlet; one in the rocky shore and the ocean, and another in the domestic and ecclesiastical architecture of old towns and cities; some seem almost to live among the works of Nature, and others among those which man has raised; one amid objects that are fresh and living, another amid those whereon time hath set his "effacing finger." And though each may not be insensible to the beauties seen by his brother-artist, they are not of a character to win him from those to which he is more alive, or to which his own tastes and feelings are more inclined: painters rarely step far out of the track they have been accustomed to mark out for themselves, and to follow; and when they do, the result is, generally, not conducive to their reputation.

The pleasure one receives from the contemplation of a work of Art is, as a rule, derivable from its being associated in the mind with our ideas of the true, or the expressive, or the beautiful, either in sentiment, or form, or action, or colour, or in these partially or wholly united. Art, like speech, is the expression of thought; but speech falls inaudible upon the deaf ear, and finds no sympathy in the heart that echoes not back its meaning—is not responsive to it; so Art is appreciated only by those who feel its awakening influences, but only in such a manner, or in such points, as commend themselves to the taste and feeling. In using here the term "appreciation," I would entirely disconnect its meaning from the power of judging; this opens up another line of argument upon which it is unnecessary here to enter: I would simply infer that a picture, a statue, or any ornamental or decorative object which affords pleasure, does so because it makes its appeal successfully to the mind; and, in the case of the learned, to the understanding also. Yet even in the case of the latter, how different often are the opinions entertained: one man can admire a Raffaelle, but has no respect for a Rubens; another collects examples of the Dutch and Flemish painters, and is wholly indifferent to the finest productions of the Italian schools. Some are delighted with bold, striking, and sublime subjects; others with what is suggestive of simple beauty and repose; the eyes of each being satisfied with

the element or quality of excellence which best agrees with his spirit or taste—taste being, in its primary considerations, the result of feeling. The operations of taste on minds differently constituted—or, it should perhaps rather be said, on minds comparatively ignorant of the truths of Art, and on those who have been educated in them—have been thus described: “There is no more certain test of good taste than the involuntary selection of subjects by the eye, in viewing for the first time ornament in objects of Art. Nature works on so large or true a scale, that few judge her amiss. That which is majestic, noble, picturesque, or simply beautiful as a whole, classes itself at once in all minds; and the fact of a common decision on these points demonstrates the genuineness of the laws of Taste. The common mind differs from the cultivated, in its knowledge and appreciation of Nature’s beauty in detail. The former sees only partially, the latter grasps the whole and distinguishes the parts; nothing, however humble, which goes to make up the chord of beauty, escapes its notice. Where the appreciation of the one ends, the pleasure of the other is but begun; so that his delight is as true and infinite as Nature herself. The natural eye, therefore, sees all things as in a glass darkly—the cultivated penetrates the film of Nature, and looks into her heart.”*

Now, may not this train of thought be carried from Art generally to the productions of individual painters? It is too much the practice to criticise unfairly, and to condemn, an artist, simply because his works are not fashioned according to our taste, or in exact harmony with our own feelings; forgetful that to others equally capable as ourselves—possibly more capable—of coming to a right decision, they may embody all that is excellent; and when we do so, how great injustice is committed! Another ground whereon this superstructure of erroneous judgment is raised, is, that hastily rejecting, at a glance perhaps, what is represented, we take no trouble to ascertain its merits, we give to it neither close examination nor patient study; and, unwilling to recognise and accept the spirit which created and formed it, we consign to neglect, or, worse perhaps, publicly condemn, a work of genius merely because we chance to have “an unwholesome preference” for some others. Suppose such a principle of feeling and acting were transferred from the world of Art to that of Nature, we should have one man arraigning the wisdom of Providence because the sky is not always blue, and another because the sunshine is frequently dimmed by cloudy weather; one because the surface of the earth is not an unvarying extent of gentle slopes and verdant meadows, another because it does not exhibit a succession of lofty mountains and rugged precipices. The proof of true taste and of a right and kindly spirit lies in the ability and desire to discover beauty or excellence under every guise, without prejudice or undue partiality. The first effort of the

* “Art Hints.” By J. J. Jarves.

critic should be directed to the divesting himself of every impediment that may hinder his arriving at a just, reasonable, and correct conclusion, according to his power of thus judging.

Again, we should accept the artist for what he is, and not repudiate him for what he is not, nor pretends to be: the charlatan who assumes a position for which every one sees him to be disqualified is a fair mark for animadversion; but the man who so knows himself as to keep within his own capabilities, demands the respect due to him. Men of great and surpassing genius are not created every day; they are the *rara aves*, which are produced at long intervals of time to stand as examples to the world at large of the ennobling gifts Nature is able to bestow, and as suns in the intellectual sphere round which lesser lights may revolve, but whose brightness they can never equal, much less outshine. Such men are occasionally raised up for the wonder and honour of the nations, to be followed and imitated, though it will ever be at a far-off distance. Painters, as well as poets, philosophers, men of science, and orators, must be measured each according to his degree of intelligent power; and it would be as absurd to condemn Addison or Akenside, because the one had not the gifts of Milton and the other of Shakspeare, as it is to ignore the works of a second or third-rate artist because he has been denied the genius of Raffaelle, Titian, or Michael Angelo.

Nowhere has landscape-painting attained so high a position, at least in times comparatively modern, as in England. Gainsborough and Richard Wilson, its two greatest exponents in the early days of our school, were succeeded by Turner, Constable, Callcott, Crome—an artist whose works were long neglected as of little value, though collectors have recently learned to form a right estimate of their merits, and have now to pay large prices to secure them—Collins, Nasmyth, W. Müller, and others. The water-colour landscape-painters, as exemplified by D. Cox, Copley Fielding, P. Dewint, and others, carried their art to the highest point of perfection. Of the living artists, both in oils and water-colours, it must suffice to say they well sustain the character of the British School; though in the case of some it must be admitted that they have materially changed its principles.

And while writing of landscape-artists, we cannot overlook the fact that by their efforts we extend very considerably our topographical knowledge. It falls to the lot of few persons compared with the many—even in these days of rapid and facile transit—to journey beyond the limits of their native country. But Art, as now practised, brings almost every place of beauty or interest home to us. Such are the wandering propensities of a large number of artists, such their energy, their disregard of dangers and difficulties, their desire to see, and to show to others, whatever is rich and rare on the face of nature, or is known to fame by the records of history, that there is scarcely an accessible region, civilised or savage, throughout

the world, unvisited by the artist; and many of these places seem to be almost as familiar to us who tarry at home and have the opportunity of seeing the results of his travels, as the highways along which we walk or ride daily to our ordinary avocations. In Art, as in numerous other matters, the resolution, courage, perseverance, and love of adventure which form such powerful elements of action in the English character, enable the artist to triumph over all obstacles, and achieve results unapproached, to a similar extent, by the painters of other countries.

In comparison with ourselves, how ignorant must the vast majority of our forefathers have been of much with which we are intimately acquainted. Rarely venturing beyond the shores of the kingdom except upon urgent claims of business, and travelling but little within the confines of their own country—Art, yet in its infancy among them, restricted in its practice and limited as to its diffusion—their geographical and topographical knowledge was mainly bounded by such information as the writings of travellers afforded. But no description, however graphically or eloquently narrated, can convey to the mind so impressive and truthful representation as that which comes within the range of the eye: hence the painter's art assumes a value far beyond that of the author; hence, too, the combined efforts of the painter and the engraver have, in these latter years, gathered around us very much that is magnificent and beautiful in the natural world, with much also of what is associated with the history of mankind in its brightest or darkest periods, and which our fathers knew only by name.

We are accustomed to claim for our own landscape-painters superiority over those of continental schools, and to some extent it is a just claim; but much for which we give them credit arises from our greater familiarity with English than with foreign scenery; and, nationally, we prefer it. Our artists, moreover, as I believe, study nature more closely than do those of other countries, while the peculiarities of our climate are productive of atmospheric effects rarely seen elsewhere except in mountainous regions. One of our poets designates England as the

“ Rich queen of mists and vapours,”

and in the presence of such influences even a flat and barren heath—which, under an ordinary effect of daylight, is as monotonous and unpicturesque as can well be imagined—when towering clouds roll in massy volumes overhead, assumes a character almost approaching to sublimity as their shadows sweep slowly and majestically across the plain, followed by long tracks of light, that in turn give place to succeeding lines of gloom, as the forms which create them obey the impulse of the moving power. The varied character of English scenery is one of its greatest charms; the combinations of hill and dale, of pasture and cornfields, of navigable rivers and green meadows, of lofty woodlands and rural hamlets, and old grey church-

towers and picturesque ruins, are features or elements of beauty that are nowhere else seen in such ample abundance and within such limited ranges as in our own country; and it is these which have made the English landscape-painter what he is very generally acknowledged to be—not a mere copyist of Nature, but one who can delineate her with the feeling of a poet and the fidelity of a loving and diligent student.

It must, however, be admitted that, as I intimated on a previous page, the principles on which many of our landscape-painters work—and among them are some who have attained great popularity—differ very widely from those that formed the basis of the style practised by the artists who, both here and on the Continent, raised their art to the high position it reached from the seventeenth century to the first half of the present century. A seeking after novelty, or a desire to attract by singularity, or an affectation of some kind or other, has been the means of drawing men aside from the path trodden by the great landscape-painters of the Low Countries and France, and by those who so largely contributed to the foundation of our own school, with their immediate followers—artists whose names have already been mentioned. If these were right in the opinions they held concerning landscape-painting—opinions which guided their practice—those who differ so widely from them cannot also be right: the same actual result, at least in Art, cannot be reached by two diametrically opposite modes of dealing with it. Set two artists, each one a representative of his class, to sketch the same landscape, and we should doubtless have the same view, but totally different in feeling and expression; in the one a close exactness, a prosaic exactness, of what the sketcher has seen; in the other, Nature represented through the medium of a poetic imagination, fully sensible of her manifold beauties, and giving to them the impress of truth allied with fancy.

Poetic landscape-painting is of comparatively recent date, and reached its culminating point—at least in England, if not in every other country—in the works of Turner. Till the seventeenth century it scarcely had any existence, though some of the painters, and Titian especially, made some approach to it; as also did, and still nearer, the two Poussins, and Salvator Rosa, in the seventeenth century: there is a classic beauty in the landscapes of Nicolas Poussin, a solemn melancholy character in those of his brother-in-law Gaspar Dughet, commonly known as Gaspar Poussin, and a “savage grandeur” in those of Salvator Rosa. Of the last Fuseli says, he delighted in “ideas of desolation, solitude, and danger; impenetrable forests, rocky or storm-lashed shores; in lonely dells leading to dens and caverns of banditti, alpine ridges, trees blasted by lightning, or sapped by time, or stretching their extravagant arms athwart a murky sky; lowering or thundering clouds, and suns shorn of their beams. His figures are wandering shepherds, forlorn travellers, wrecked

mariners, banditti lurking for their prey, or dividing their spoils." Claude Gelée, of Lorraine, contemporary with these, shows a degree of poetic feeling, but altogether of a different kind, and one that savours far more of the studio than of nature. Claude's biographers state that he was accustomed to spend much time in the fields watching the passing clouds; if so, he seems to have taken home with him but very limited and weak ideas of their variety of form and colour, even for Italian skies. Compare a sunset of Turner's with one of Claude's, and how tame and insipid is that of the latter. The old Dutch and Flemish landscape-painters made but little comparative progress towards a realisation of the poetry of Art: Cuyp and Adrian Vander Velde, Ruysdael, and Both, and Hobbema, beautiful as are their works, saw nature, generally, through a prosaic medium: some of their compositions are designed with a certain amount of poetic feeling so far as regards the materials of the subject, but the light in which they are presented shows little of the ideal beauty that is so much more attractive and winsome than a mere transcript of nature. These men, however, led the way into the pastures and cornfields, and beside the streams and rivers, traversed by their successors, both here and on the European continent, with more expansive and loftier views of what landscape-painting is capable of achieving in the way of exhibiting nature in all her sublimity and loveliness, her strength, her grace and tenderness. It was left to the artists of the present century to reveal to us all this; they have done, and are still doing, it most effectually, and we owe much to them for it.





SIR AUGUSTUS WALL CALLCOTT, R.A.





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MUSIC and painting—sister-arts—found their homes, through more than one generation, in two families allied by marriage, and resident in a locality the name of which, to those unacquainted with the place, would seem to have but little harmonious association with the arts of any kind. Kensington Gravel Pits—such is the spot alluded to—was, in the last century, adorned with some venerable picturesque mansions, of which a few still remain, half concealed by stately trees of far older growth. In the village of Kensington—for at one time, and that not so very far distant comparatively, it had no more pretentious designation—stood Holland House, still in existence, built by Sir Walter Cope, and enlarged by Inigo Jones; Campden House, erected by Viscount Campden, but burnt down not very many years ago; Hale House, one of the numerous suburban residences said to have been inhabited by Oliver Cromwell; and Kensington Palace, originally a mansion belonging to the family of Finch, earls of Nottingham, which William III. purchased, and converted into a palace, and there he died after being thrown from his horse when riding from Kensington to Hampton Court. In this royal residence was born our beloved sovereign, Queen Victoria. Much more might be said of this interesting locality, but it would here be out of place. Kensington Gardens, however, must not be omitted; they have long been a fashionable resort, for a century and a half ago the poet Tickell opens one of his eclogues with this eulogy of them:—

“ The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair,
For gravel walks and unpolluted air:
Here, while the town in damps and darkness lies,
They breathe in sunshine, and see azure skies.
Each walk, with robes of various dyes bespread,
Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed,
Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
And chintz, the rival of the showery bow.”

The ladies of the present day would, one may fairly presume, smile at the idea of being clad in "damasks" and "chintz;" at least, in fabrics to which these names are now given.

Kensington and its vicinity have, for many years past, been favourite places of residence with artists and men of science and literature; and there, during more than a century, lived the two families alluded to, Dr. Callcott, William Horsley, and Mr. William Hutchins Callcott—names well known to every lover of genuine English vocal compositions—Sir Augustus Wall Callcott, and his great-nephew, Mr. John Callcott Horsley, the present Royal Academician; Mr. William H. Callcott, who is still living, is the nephew of Sir Augustus. The Callcotts and Horsleys became united by marriage, and Mr. J. C. Horsley, as descended from both families, bears their joint names.

Sir Augustus W. Callcott was born at Kensington Gravel Pits in 1779, and resided there, with a brief interval, all his life, a period of nearly sixty-six years. He gave early indications of a taste for the Arts in general; but in consequence, probably, of his near relationship to Dr. Callcott, his elder brother, he chose music as a profession, and for some time sung in the choir of Westminster Abbey under the late Dr. Cooke, till, as reported, his voice broke. Mr. Webster, R.A., was also early educated to the musical profession, and sang in the choir of the Chapel Royal, St. James's. Whether Callcott employed his pencil during that period of his life, I am unable to determine; but before he had reached the age of twenty he began to study portrait-painting under John Hoppner, R.A., who, singularly enough, had been when young a chorister in the Chapel Royal. Hoppner was elected a Royal Academician in 1795, became a very fashionable painter, and a formidable rival to Lawrence. The authors of "*A Century of Painters*" quote a passage from a letter written by the latter in 1810, in which he admits the fact:—"You will be sorry to hear it," Lawrence says, "my most powerful competitor, he whom only (to my friends) I have acknowledged as my rival, is, I fear, sinking to the grave. I mean, of course, Hoppner. . . . You will believe that I" (shall?) "sincerely feel the loss of a brother-artist, from whose works I have often gained instruction, and who has gone by my side in the race these eighteen years." Hoppner died very early that year, and Lawrence, in a second letter to his friend, adds: "The death of Hoppner leaves me without a rival." Callcott, while working under Hoppner, was entered, in 1797, as a student of the Royal Academy. Haydon, in his "*Autobiography*," relates the following amusing story referring to the student-life of himself and others:—"Eastlake told me that Callcott said once to Wilkie,—'Do you not know that every one complains of your continual rea-al-ly?' Wilkie mused a moment, looked at Callcott, and drawled out, 'Do they rea-al-ly?'—'You must leave it off.'—'I will, rea-al-ly.'—'For heaven's sake don't keep repeating it,' said Callcott, 'it

annoys me.' Wilkie looked, smiled, and in the most unconscious manner said, 'Rea-al-ly! ''

In 1799 he sent his first picture to the exhibition of the Academy; this was a portrait of Miss Roberts; and in 1801 he contributed three works, of which two were portraits, and one a landscape—a "View of Oxford." In that year he either had a studio in town, or was temporarily residing there, for his address, as given in the Academy catalogue, is 24, Leicester Square: henceforth, and to the close of his life, it is at Kensington Gravel Pits. The portraits he had painted up to the year 1803 promised for him considerable success in this department of Art, but he very soon turned his attention to landscape, and was accustomed to say that Stothard's charming designs illustrating "Robinson Crusoe" mainly induced him to change his practice.

In Mr. Thornbury's "Life of Turner," mention is made of a sketching-class established towards the close of the last century by Girtin, the water-colour painter, "which was open to patrons and amateurs as well as to artists. For three years this little society of enthusiasts met on winter evenings for mutual improvement." "The society consisted," Mr. Thornbury adds in a note, "of ten members: T. Girtin, the founder; Sir Robert Ker Porter, Sir Augustus Callcott, J. R. Underwood, G. Samuel, P. S. Murray, J. T. Colman, L. Francia (pupil of Girtin's), W. H. Worthington, and J. C. Denham." They used to meet alternately at each other's houses, at six o'clock, and after partaking of tea or coffee, over which they chatted about the work of the evening—always a subject taken from an English poet—they began their task, and continued it till the hour of ten, when a plain supper was ready for them. "The member at whose house they met supplied stained (*sic*) paper, colours, and pencils; and all the sketches of the evening became his property." A similar society was founded some years later, of which the two Chalons, Leslie, UWins, Landseer, and others, were members. Of Girtin's society two members only have left their marks on the Art of the country, himself and Callcott; Sir R. K. Porter is better known as a traveller than an artist, yet his book of Eastern travel is illustrated with some excellent engravings from his sketches.

It is a common assertion that the life of an artist must be looked for only in his pictures; and the truth of the remark may be admitted as a generality, yet only so far as relates to his Art-work; for it may be presumed that with very few exceptions, the walls of the studio do not bound all which might be said or written concerning a painter; we look for the *artist* in it, and for the *man* in his social character out of it. Moreover—and especially in the case of landscape-painters who are travellers—there is often very much of incident associated, more or less, with the labours of the studio, which might be interwoven most pleasantly with biographical narrative. Callcott was not what might strictly be called a recluse; he mixed much in society, and that not

limited to his own profession ; besides, he visited continental countries on more than one occasion, and yet it does not appear that he left behind him any records of any kind concerning the people with whom he associated, or the places he visited ; and it is somewhat singular that, in the published lives of his contemporaries, as Constable, Leslie, Turner, Etty, Collins, Uwins, his name is only to be found quite occasionally ; this seems almost inexplicable, considering the position Callcott occupied among his brother-artists, and the universal respect in which he was held by all who were acquainted with him. I remarked something to this effect recently to a well-known Royal Academician, who replied :—“I imagine few lives of eminent men would offer less material of biographical interest than Callcott’s. I remember him well from the time I was six or seven years old (half a century since) till his death, and I should sum up his life as that of a man devoted to his profession and to society. He was one of the handsomest and most agreeable men of his time, and was welcomed wherever he went. For years and years, and during the London season, I should say that one day was as like another as possible ; namely, breakfasting at eight o’clock, always getting into his painting-room by half-past eight, and only leaving it in time to dress and go out to dinner.” And thus, as it would seem, the life of the painter glided away, happy, no doubt, in his work, and happy in his connections and friends, but bequeathing to the world not a fragment of information respecting the Art of his period, nor of those with whom he was accustomed to mingle, nor of his own experiences either in or out of his studio.

Callcott’s landscapes soon found so much favour with the public and the members of the Royal Academy, that the latter elected him, in 1806, an Associate of the institution ; and four years later, Academician. With the exception of one work, “*Lago Maggiore, with a Thunderstorm,*” exhibited in 1802, and three or four portraits and figure-subjects—to the last of which reference will be made presently—all his pictures, up to the year 1819, were of English or Welsh scenery. The “*Lago Maggiore*” must have been painted from a sketch made by some one else, for there is no evidence that Callcott had ever been abroad till some years after the date of its exhibition. Among the places where he found subjects at this comparatively early part of his career, were the neighbourhood of Bala and other towns in Montgomeryshire, in Shropshire, and around Southampton, &c. The year after his election as Academician he exhibited no fewer than ten pictures ; it is clear, therefore, that the law which now limits all artists to eight works, was not then in existence ; there are few painters of the present day who avail themselves of the privilege to which the rules of the Academy entitle them, and it is quite as well that it should be so ; hence we have greater variety on the walls of the galleries, and a larger number of artists are also represented.

In what year Callcott made his first foreign tour seems uncertain ; his first Dutch

subject, "Rotterdam," appeared at the Academy in 1819; and four years elapsed ere another work, having its origin in the same country, appeared; but from that date (1823) forward he painted many. Thinking at times,—and especially when walking through any one of our public picture-galleries open during the season, the Royal Academy, for example,—on the large number of paintings of foreign scenery by British artists one sees in the rooms, it has occurred to me as somewhat surprising that the varied and notably beautiful scenery of our own island rarely, if ever, tempts continental artists to make it their sketching-ground. Our landscape-painters are found all over the world, it may almost be said; certainly there are very few places of artistic interest on the European Continent which has not called into exercise the pencil of the English artist. But foreigners do not pay us the same compliment, though on our sea-coasts, as well as inland, there is quite enough of the picturesque, it is not presumption to assume, to attract them to our shores. In old architectural examples, such as abound more or less in every town, be it large or small, and in almost every village in France, Belgium, &c., we in England are, unfortunately, deficient. I say "unfortunately," because they are of great pictorial value. Moreover, the costumes of the Continent, particularly those worn by the lower classes, are far more picturesque than we have at home; and these things, trivial as they may appear to any one who has never considered what it takes to make up an attractive composition, are matters of which no real artist fails to take account. On the other hand, where will be found richer or more diversified landscapes than in England? yet are they ignored by our continental neighbours, who, as a rule, do not travel abroad, as so many of our own painters are accustomed to do, in search of subjects: they are generally content with what they get nearer home; while it may be said that the *quality* of our scenery is not in accordance with their tastes. There is much truth in the remarks of an anonymous writer, who says: "French landscape-painters of the present day care little for the gladness of nature. Their sympathy with scenery is limited, their appreciation inconstant. In certain moods of weather, in certain seasons of light, the beauty of the outward world reveals itself to them, and they at once recognise in nature an expression of human feeling. But they have not the natural love of her which makes them seek out and carefully observe her details. We do not, therefore, find in their pictures the careful imitation of separate flowers, the exact knowledge of foliage, which are sometimes met with in an English painter. All minute things are slurred over quickly. The different parts of the landscape are reduced into a single effect: and yet this is done with so much truth of instinct that the result preserves the essential qualities in the landscape, for the sake of which the picture was painted." But, after all, the men who may strictly be called *national* landscape-painters—such as Millet and Corot, whom France has unhappily lost within the present year, and

the Linnells and Vicat Cole, of our own school, are respectively types of their order. The wanderers from the shores of England—and they are a numerous class—are, at least very many of them, somewhat amphibious, land and water sharing almost equally their attention: among these may be placed Turner, Callcott, and Stanfield.

Up to the year 1827 it was generally supposed Callcott was so wedded to his art that he cared not to enter upon the state of matrimony: however, on the 20th of February in that year—the date given by the authors of “A Century of Painters”—Callcott married Mrs. Graham, the widow of Captain Graham, a naval officer. With reference to this event, the following incident is told in their volumes:—“Callcott and Mulready were neighbours from early times, and, being seven years the elder, Callcott was a little looked up to by his junior. Varley* also was intimate with them. A curious story used to be told among the members of Callcott’s family, and during the lifetime of both parties, relating to Varley’s practice of, and belief in, astrology. Varley asked Callcott to give him his exact age; and having obtained it, cast his nativity, sealed it up, and gave it to Mulready, charging him to keep it safely until Callcott was fifty years old. The paper, it is said, was laid aside and forgotten, until Callcott, then in his fiftieth year, wrote to Mulready, to invite him to his wedding, which was about to take place with Mrs. Graham, the widow of Captain Graham. Mulready recollects Varley’s sealed paper and his injunction, and took the document with him, opening it in the presence of the assembled company; the contents run thus: ‘Callcott will remain single until he is fifty, and then will marry and go to Italy.’” “Over and over again,” write Messrs. Redgrave, the authors of the book from which this extract is taken, “have we heard this tale told, with many other of Varley’s wild fancies.” But it is clear, as they admit, that if the date of Callcott’s marriage, as stated above, be correct—it took place on the anniversary of his birthday, when he had reached the age of forty-eight—Varley must have made a false prediction. The journey to Italy, however, was really undertaken soon after the marriage. In Leslie’s “Autobiographical Recollections” I find, in a letter to him from “Leslie’s old chum, Peter Powell,” as the editor, Mr. Tom Taylor, designates that gentleman, the following paragraphs; the letter is dated “Padua, 27th November, 1827:—You have, perhaps, also heard that I fell in with Callcott and his wife at Venice, and have not yet fallen out with them, although they are at present at Milan and I am here. I had been at Venice some time when they arrived, and the first I heard of him was from the English

* John Varley, one of the founders of the Water-colour Society, died in 1842. He was an inveterate astrologer; and sought every opportunity of casting the nativity of his friends and acquaintances: I met him once only, when he would have subjected me to the ordeal, as he held me by the button of my coat: but I had just then neither the disposition nor the time to hear him out.—J. D.

Consul there, who told me he was very ill; and, accordingly, on going to his hotel, I found him in bed, looking very woebegone and terribly hipped. It turned out, however, that he was more frightened than hurt, and the doctor pronounced his disorder to be of *short* duration, though poor Callcott's face was as *long* as my arm. In two days he was quite well, and we *enjoyed* about ten days together at Venice *very much*, as you may suppose. . . . Mrs. Callcott, who (*sic*) I had never before seen more than once, I like vastly, and she is certainly a most extraordinary woman in point of information and talent; notwithstanding which, we became excellent friends!!! The Callcotts and I left Venice, and visited Padua, Mantua, and Verona together; after which *they* went to *Milan*, which I *had* seen, and they had *not*, and we expect to join again either at Bologna or Florence. This unexpected encounter at Venice has, I believe, been very agreeable to all of us." No mention is here made of Callcott's visit to Rome, though it may be presumed, from some of the pictures he painted later in life, that he must have been there at one period: he may possibly have paid a second visit to Italy; but of this I find no record of any kind.

Mrs. Graham was a lady who had travelled much with her first husband: she had, prior to her marriage with Callcott, gained considerable literary distinction, and had also cultivated an acquaintance with the Fine Arts. The following works from her pen appeared under the name of Maria Graham:—"Letters on India," with nine etchings, 8vo., 1814; "Three Months passed in the Mountains east of Rome," 8vo., 1820; "Memoirs of the Life of Nicholas Poussin," 8vo., 1820; "Journal of a Residence in Chili during the year 1822, and a Voyage from Chili to Brazil in 1823," plates, 4to., 1824; "Voyage of H.M.S. *Blonde* to the Sandwich Islands in the years 1824-25," with an introduction by Mrs. M. G., plates, 4to., 1827. The name of Maria Callcott appears on the title-pages of the following works:—"Rome in the Nineteenth Century, with Remarks on the Fine Arts, on the State of Society, &c.," 3 vols., 8vo., Edinburgh, 1826;* "Description of the Chapel of the Annunziata dell' Arena, or Giotto's Chapel, in Padua," 4to., London, 1835; "Essays towards the History of Painting," 8vo., London, 1836; "Continuation of Essays," 8vo., London, 1838; "A Scripture Herbal," by M. C., post 8vo., London, 1842.

I find in Messrs. Redgrave's "Century of Painters" a very pleasant sketch of the later years of Lady Callcott, who then bore that title, her Majesty, when she ascended the throne in 1837, having conferred on Callcott the honour

* These lists are taken from the "Catalogue of Books on Art," published by the Department of Science and Art, South Kensington. There is, however, some mistake here; for Mrs. Graham did not become Mrs. Callcott till the year after the above date.

of knighthood:—"Callcott's health was not strong as he advanced in years. Lady Callcott's, after a time, wholly failed; and for many years before her death, which happened in 1842, she was a complete invalid, confined to her chamber, almost to her bed. Yet in that sick chamber she managed, in the intervals of her suffering, to draw around her a circle of friends, of literary companions, of artists young and old; to learn of, and be interested in, the advance and social progress of the outer world from which she was so much cut off. In the long summer evenings, when these occasional gatherings took place, as the sun declined in the west and the day faded into twilight, the room and the company formed a picture such as memory reverts to with many regrets, and we are reminded of our own art-aspirations, and the subjects of interest there discussed. The little bed on which the lady sat, partly dressed, and propped up with pillows, covered with rich draperies, was placed before the windows of a room in the old house—a copyhold tenement of the Callcotts—in which the painter lived and died. Vines were trained across and across the window, and through their leaves the rays of the setting sun came tempered and moderated into green coolness. Inside the room there was usually a small selection of rare plants in pots, and little bouquets of choice flowers on the tables. Two or three dogs formed part of the company—one of large size was a great favourite with the mistress; while the visitants, seated about on the old furniture of a quaint, picturesque, and irregular room, gave the painters of the party many hints of colour and effect as the light sank away into gloom. Lady Callcott mostly supported the conversation. She was somewhat imperious in her state-chamber; the painter being more of a silent listener until some incident of travel, some question of art, roused him up to earnest interest or wise remark. He was a kindly-hearted man, and always seemed interested in the progress of the young, being quite willing to communicate to them his art-lore, and to advise with them on the progress of their pictures; and for his sake the young painters (who in the latter days of his life had begun to flock to Kensington, for that its air was clearer and its daylight longer than in Newman Street and Charlotte Street)”—where artists were accustomed to congregate forty or fifty years ago—“made it a rule to take their works on the morning of sending in to the Academy, and range them before the sick lady who could not leave her chamber, that she might have a sight at least of some portion of the coming exhibition; and then, their labours done for awhile, off they trooped to Willesden or Richmond, or some quiet suburb, to let off their exuberant spirits—for artists are right merry fellows—in quoits or football, in hockey or rounders: a custom which has continued to this day,* although the cause of its institution has long since left us. After Lady Callcott's

* This was written in 1866.—[J. D.]

death, Callcott's nieces took charge of his household." Dr. Waagen, in his "Art-Treasures in Great Britain," speaks of a portrait of Lady Callcott, painted by Sir Augustus, among the pictures in the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne, in Lansdowne House; and says of it:—"This lady's noble, delicate, and intelligent features are rendered with great feeling."

After returning home from his Italian marriage-trip in 1827-28, Callcott seems to have made the scenery of England, Holland, and Italy, the subjects of his pencil in tolerably equal divisions; and in this order I propose to consider the principal landscapes painted by him, so far as they have happened to fall under my notice either as paintings or as engravings. But before doing this, some notice may be taken of the few figure-subjects painted by him, which may be called his exceptional works.

He began life, as I have already said, by painting portraits, and of these works he exhibited five between the years 1799 and 1803; from this last year till 1810, when he had risen to be a Royal Academician, no portraits by him were exhibited in the public galleries, but in 1810 one called "A Young Lady" appeared in the Academy; it was the last work of its kind.

The British Institution seems to have been the arena chosen by Callcott for exhibiting his figure-subjects: in 1808, he sent there a large picture, measuring six feet by nearly five feet, including the frame, entitled "Cow-Boys." I have no clue whatever to it. In 1811, and again in 1812, I find Callcott exhibiting at the British Institution "Travelling Tinkers," a work quite unknown to me: it was also hung in the Academy in 1811, after it had left the Institution.

A long interval, twenty-two years, elapsed before he was again seen in the Pall Mall Gallery; but in 1834 he sent there a small painting—"Scene from the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:"—

Anne Page. Wilt please your worship to come in, sir?

Slender. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne Page. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slender. I am not hungry, I thank you, forsooth," &c.

Callcott evidently designed this composition with a view to the theatrical representation, for at each side are stage-hangings—curtains drawn aside to show the scene. On the left of the picture is an open doorway, through which are seen some figures at a dinner-table: in front of the doorway, Anne Page, with hands folded together, invites Slender to enter; the latter, with walking-stick in front of him, stands at a respectful distance from "fair Mistress Anne," looking very silly and uncomfortable. Behind Slender, in the middle distance, are two figures leaning over a sort of balustrade, and looking towards Windsor Castle and the town, which compose the distance.

This picture is in the Sheepshanks Collection at South Kensington; it is also engraved in Finden's "Royal Gallery of British Art."

In the following year Callcott sent to the same gallery "An Italian Girl dressed for the Festa;" and another scene from the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which had for its title:—"Falstaff, when escaping from Ford's in the disguise of the Old Woman of Brentford, is followed by Simple, to know 'If Slender is to have Anne Page or no:'"—

Falstaff. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simple. What, sir?

Falstaff. To have her or no: Go, say the woman told me so.

Simple. May I be so bold to say so, sir?

This picture is in the Sheepshanks Collection at South Kensington: it is a very small work, painted on paper mounted on canvas. There are two other figure-subjects, of which I can give no account,—"Apollo slaying the Sons of Niobe," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1811; and "Relieve the Fatherless, plead for the Widow," in the British Institution in 1835.

In the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1832, was a picture by Callcott called "The Benighted Traveller," suggested by the following lines:—

"The wayworn trav'ller's daylight fails too soon,
While threat'ning storms chase down the rayless moon ;
To ask his path across the length'ning moor,
Turning, he seeks the last lone cottage-door
Whence the bright faggot shoots its cheerful light,
And, adding double darkness to the night,
Brings all the comforts of that home to mind
He spurned in youth, but longs in age to find."

Three years afterwards, namely, in 1835, the same subject appeared in the gallery of the British Institution, a small picture described as "a sketch;" and in the Vernon Collection is a still smaller "sketch," of which an engraving, the exact size of the original, is here introduced, as an example of the artist's figure-subjects. It is painted on paper fixed to a piece of millboard, and shows the story of the traveller definitely and effectively. The man, who is yet young, and carries a child at his back, has the appearance of a sailor; behind him is the "length'ning moor," with the moon just peeping above the horizon, not yet sufficiently high to illuminate the darkness. Having opened the wicket-gate of the cottage and roused its inmates, he stands at the door seeking direction on his way, as his action infers; or, not unlikely, imploring a night's shelter for himself and child in some outhouse attached to the humble dwelling: the face of the elder woman implies suspicion of



THE BENIGHTED TRAVELLER.





SIR A. W. CALLCOTT, R.A. PAINTER

A. HEATH ENGRAVER

THE BENIGHTED TRAVELLER.

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the visitor, but there is a kindly expression in that of the younger which is indicative of sympathy with the wanderer. The picture, professedly a sketch, is sketchy in manner; but the composition is good, and the effect is Rembrandtish by the figures being lighted up from the interior of the cottage.

Another of Callcott's figure-subjects exhibited at the Academy in the year 1832 was called "A Finished Sketch of Italian Girls going in Procession to their First Communion; painted in consequence of seeing a single sunbeam fall on the high altar at the moment of the ceremony." The descriptive title suggests a poetic idea, but having never seen the work, I cannot say anything of the treatment of the subject. A picture under the title of "The First Communion" was sold at Christie's in 1860, for 145 guineas. I presume this to be the same work. The name of the owner did not appear.

In the last exhibition at Burlington House, of the works of the old masters and by deceased artists of the British School, was a picture by Callcott, belonging to Mr. Holbrook Gaskell: it was called simply "A Landscape with Figures—Sunset." I am disposed to consider this work as identical with one in the Academy exhibition of 1833, "Shepherd's Boys with their Dog:" Mr. Gaskell's picture, an upright one, shows two figures, with a dog, tending some sheep at a distance from them: the effect of heat from the glowing sunset is very remarkable.

At the sale in 1857, by Messrs. Christie, of a miscellaneous collection of pictures, was one "A Procession to the Temple of Esculapius at Athens," painted by Callcott for his medical friend Dr. Carpenter, which sold for 260 guineas: it does not seem to have ever been exhibited: and among the collection belonging to the late Mr. J. K. Brunel, sold in the same room in 1860, was one by Callcott, called "Launce and his Dog," which realised the sum of 370 guineas. It was subsequently in the possession of Mr. S. Mendel, of Manchester, whose collection is, as I write, advertised for sale by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods; "Launce and his Dog" being included in the catalogue.

There are yet two other figure-subjects by this painter which remain to be noticed; the most important, in point of size at least, he ever attempted. "Raffaelle and the Fornarina," exhibited at the Academy in 1837, became very widely known from the engraving of it, by Mr. Lumb Stocks, R.A., presented to the subscribers of the Art-Union of London in 1843. Raffaelle and the lady are seated on a terrace overlooking Rome: he has a sketch-book in his hand, and has probably been making a study of the Fornarina, on whom he gazes intently, while she is peering into the petals of a flower, seemingly unconscious of the silent worship paid to her. The figures are life-size; had they been reduced one-half, or even less, the picture would have gained by the diminution: so far as regards the costumes, the sculptured work, the flowers, and other accessories, the composition is

abundantly enriched, and yet its large dimensions give to it an aspect of poverty, irrespective of a kind of nothingness in itself. The picture is finished throughout in the most careful manner; a little more dash and vigour thrown into it would have done much to redeem it from its faultless yet insipid propriety. It is in the possession of Sir G. R. Philips, Bart., according to Messrs. Redgrave.

“Raffaelle and the Fornarina” undoubtedly met with considerable popularity, and attracted much attention, while its selection for engraving by the Council of the Art-Union of London was an additional proof, or was thought to be, of its merits. The success of the work most probably induced Callcott to engage on another historic subject, “Milton dictating to his Daughters,” sent to the Academy Exhibition in 1840: it is a huge picture, the figures being as large, if not larger, than life; and it shows the same qualities as the “Raffaelle” painting,—much elaborate execution and general refinement of expressive character, neither of which, nor both combined, compensates for the absence of power in the design and energy in the use of the pencil. The picture gives evidence of ability, but not of the kind demanded by the occasion: “it was too much for the physical powers of the painter, whose health rapidly declined from this time.”* In truth, Callcott’s genius was not in alliance with figure-subjects, as such, though the figures in his landscapes are, as a rule, admirable in every way.

It has already been stated that this artist received the honour of knighthood in 1837; and in 1843 the Queen gave another testimony of her Majesty’s approbation by appointing him Keeper of the Royal Collections of Pictures, an office then vacant by the death of Mr. Seguier. At the time Sir Augustus was nominated to the post he was sinking under the pressure of disease: three years before, Collins, the Academician, writing to Wilkie, who was then abroad, about the prospects of the ensuing exhibition, says, in a letter dated February, 1840:—“There are great forebodings respecting our next exhibition. The fears entertained that your absence will prevent your supplying us with attractions always looked for from you; the absence of Landseer, still at Geneva, and I fear not likely to contribute much, should he even return; Callcott’s ill health, and the apprehension that others, usually attractive, will not have time for great works; all conspire to produce, and, indeed, to give serious reasons for anticipations of, shortcomings.” Further on, in the same letter, Collins writes:—“Richmond has gone to Rome with the intention of painting an historical picture; Leslie is painting something in secret; and Callcott, as usual, doing what his friend Allan† calls ‘cabinet pictures.’”‡ Referring to the annual

* “A Century of Painters.”

† Sir William Allan, R.A.

‡ “Life of William Collins, Esq., R.A.,” by his Son.

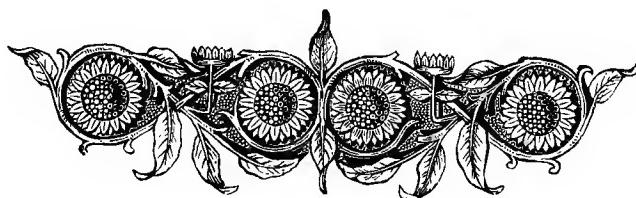
banquet of the Academy in 1841, Collins, again writing to his friend Wilkie, alludes to the speech made by the then President, Sir Martin A. Shee, wherein "he then noticed the absence of Edwin Landseer and Callcott, with much feeling, and led all to hope that their absence was only temporary." Collins's apprehension lest Callcott should be unable to exhibit in 1840 was ill-founded, for it was the year in which his large picture of "Milton dictating to his Daughters" was hung in the Academy, the only contribution from his studio.

Actuated by delicate and honourable feeling, that the state of his health would not permit the efficient discharge of the duties attached to his appointment in the royal household, Callcott hesitated to accept it; but as both the Queen and the Prince Consort expressed a wish that health would not interfere with their desire that he should hold it, his scruples were removed. In the due arrangement and classification of those treasures of Art which form the royal galleries, he was employed at intervals of time till the period of his death, an event which took place on the 24th of November, 1844, in the old house in Kensington Gravel Pits wherein he was born. He was buried at Kensal Green.

Callcott has been called by some the modern Claude, by others the modern Cuyp; certainly the majority of his best works—and those unquestionably are his river and marine subjects—assimilate more to those of the latter artist than the former. Looking at the whole range of his Art, it must be pronounced more realistic than imaginative. He was a close imitator of nature, and interpreted her with exact fidelity, and sometimes with considerable poetic treatment. There is much truth in Dr. Waagen's remarks on his works:—"With a fine feeling for the picturesque in conception, he unites a delicacy of drawing most favourably seen in his figures and animals, which are most tastefully introduced. In his earlier pictures, the colouring is powerful and often warm; in his later, rather too uniformly cool, and sometimes almost insipid: his execution is spirited and careful." When Waagen wrote of insipidity, he was most probably unconscious amid how much bodily suffering, and consequent mental prostration, these works were frequently produced. His smaller pictures were indisputably his best in every way, for in many of his larger landscapes the subjects are not of sufficient importance to demand such dimensions of canvas. The authors of "A Century of Painters" say—"He early became aware that with the limited scale of light and dark, of colour and negation, at the command of the painter, as compared with that of Nature, a compromise must absolutely be made, and he adopted the principle of reducing the positive tints of his pictures to negative ones, diffusing light pretty generally throughout the whole, and making the figures, which he introduced with great skill, the telling points of the composition; both the strongest lights and darks, and the purest

hues of colour being focussed in their draperies. As these were naturally the points of most interest, the system was a sound one; the picture gained great breadth, and was, from its lightness and the salient brilliancy of the figures, always pleasing in our dark rooms." These remarks confirm my own observation when looking at some of Callcott's pictures exhibited in the early part of this year at Burlington House, and particularly in his "Rotterdam," where the only bit of positive colour is a portion of the dress of the woman seated in the stern of the market-boat; the petticoat is red, and it quite lights up the whole picture, which, without it, would be comparatively colourless: Callcott well knew the preciousness of these spots, if they may so be called, of brilliant tint.

Greatly as he was esteemed as an artist, those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance held him in still higher regard. Aristocratic in his personal appearance, refined in manner, and full of knowledge gained by travel and association, his society was much sought after, and he everywhere took occasion to excite in his table-talk a general reverence for Art, in the views of which his mind took a wide scope. His private character exhibited many of the most beautiful traits which pertain to the excellent of the earth,—kindness, gentleness, benevolence, uprightness; his warm and generous feeling showing itself in deeds of charity, the result of principle, not of impulse. The younger members of his profession always found in him a friendly encourager and a wise adviser.





ENGLISH SCENERY.





ENGLISH SCENERY.



IDNEY SMITH is reported to have designated Callcott as "sea-shore Callcott." The term was not altogether inappropriate, for many of his most popular pictures consist of coast-scenes, and others are subjects in which water occupies a prominent place. Till the year 1819, when he exhibited his first Dutch picture—for the "Lago Maggiore, with a Thunderstorm," exhibited in 1802, must have been painted, as I have already stated, from a sketch supplied to him, as he did not visit the Continent till several years later—his works were limited to the scenery of his native country; but it unfortunately happens that a very large number of them—and the remark applies with almost equal force to his foreign landscapes—bore, when exhibited, such indefinite titles that it is not easy to determine at this distant date what particular work is referred to when it again comes before the public. Such was the case with several of those hung last winter in the galleries of Burlington House; while a glance at the list of his exhibited pictures, given in the "Appendix" at the end of this volume, will confirm what is stated as to the difficulty of identification. To his earliest works we find appended such titles as "Moonlight," "Milking," "Morning," "Evening," "A Distant Shower," "A Heath," &c., &c. With these, however, is occasionally something definite, as "A View of Oxford" (1801); "The Gravel-Pit" (1803), probably at Kensington; "Windsor" (1804). In the next five or six years there is evidence that the artist has visited Wales, for among his pictures of that period are "A Scene between Bala and Dolgelly," exhibited with two other Welsh landscapes in 1805; "Old Houses at Shrewsbury" (1807); "Mill near Llangollen" (1808); "Llangollen Bridge" (1808); "Scene from Capel Curig" (1811). In 1805 appeared his first coast-scene, entitled "Moonrise: Fishermen drawing their Nets;" in the following year, "Sea-coast, with Figures bargaining for Fish," and "Calm:

Figures shrimping." This last I am inclined to think identical with "The Shrimpers—Coast-Scene," belonging to Mrs. Gibbons, which was among those exhibited recently at Burlington House: the composition shows many figures, and a fishing-boat drawn up on the shore, which slopes gently upwards on the right, and is backed by a mass of dark threatening clouds. The sea is green and dark, approaching blackness in the horizon; the wet sands have also a very greenish hue. Though somewhat heavy there is much richness of colour in this picture.

Among the ten pictures sent by Callcott to the Academy in 1811 were two views in Hampshire; one, "Itchen Ferry," the other "Southampton, from Weston Grove." This latter work is, I believe, the same as that recently exhibited at Burlington House under the title of "A View near Southampton," a small picture in the possession of Mr. W. Grapel; it presents a distant view of the town and river as seen from a sort of garden-terrace, and is sketchily painted. The only other Southampton subject by Callcott that I know of is "Southampton Water," the property of Mr. W. Gibbs: it is a large canvas, showing several sailing-boats in the foreground, scattered about halfway across the composition; the water is rather opaque and greenish. This picture was painted for the late Sir John Swinburne, and was sold, with others of his collection, in 1861, for the sum of 1,205 guineas, the purchaser being the late Mr. Flatou, the dealer. It was, like the other, exhibited last winter at Burlington House.

The annexed engraving is from a picture painted in 1812, which, when exhibited, bore the name of "The Cottager's Relief;" it forms one of the series of twenty-six subjects lithographed by T. C. Dibdin, and published, in 1847, by Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.:* the picture was then in the possession of the Rev. Thomas Heathcote Tragett, and was called "The Benevolent Cottagers;" where it really is now I cannot determine, but a few months since there was placed before me by a picture-dealer, for verification, a painting which presents every appearance of being the identical work: it is most carefully painted, a characteristic quality of Callcott's pictures, and is in excellent preservation as to colour and condition. A poor old man, lame, as indicated by his crutch, has seated himself on a bank by the roadside, and close to the entrance-gate of a cottage: around him are grouped the wife and children of the tenant, who is seen in the distance driving some cows into a farmyard: the mother has brought out to the wayfarer some food to satisfy his hunger, and the act gives the title to the composition, which is throughout treated with truthful simplicity; the point of colour is the woman's dress, dark red short jacket, and dark

* I must express my thanks to Messrs. Graves for allowing me the free use of this series of beautiful prints, now a scarce work. It contains reproductions of some of Callcott's best pictures, and is published in both coloured and plain editions.



THE BENEVOLENT COTTAGERS.





SIR A.W. CALLCOTT, R.A. PAINTER.

F.W. TOPHAM, ENGRAVER.

THE BENEVOLENT COTTAGE RS.

blue skirt. There is much sympathetic expression thrown into the faces of the cottage group, small as are the figures.

Callcott painted three pictures to which he gave almost similar titles: in 1812 appeared "Return from Market;" in 1834, "Returning from Market;" and in 1836, "Dutch Peasants returning from Market;" of the last I shall have to speak hereafter. One of the others, but I know not which, supplies the frontispiece to Dibdin's series of lithographs; it is from a picture then, like that just mentioned, in the possession of the Rev. T. H. Tragett. At the gate of a roadside cottage occupying the whole right of the picture, a man, having dismounted from his own horse, is assisting his wife to alight from that she has ridden: this group stands out in bold relief against the sky; the man's white horse forming the key of light to the picture. On the left side a man is pulling lustily at a donkey laden with panniers that seem to be well-filled; the unfortunate animal is either too weary or too stubborn to move, and another man is belabouring it with a stout stick. Immediately in front of these, and in the foreground, a girl is drawing water from a well; and on the opposite side, but considerably more in the rear, is a boy with a basket of eggs in his left hand, watching two white dogs at play; a third dog rushes from the other side of the road to join them. In advance of these, and close to the base-line of the composition, is the slightest indication of a road-side pond, with three or four ducks near it. This is an upright subject, very sunny in effect; the woman's red cloak is the point of colour, as the white horse is the point of light.

In the possession of Sir William Heathcote, Bart., is a large picture by Callcott, called in the catalogue of the works by old masters lately exhibited at Burlington House, "A River Scene;" it also appears in Dibdin's series as "A River Scene—Men fishing from a Boat;" a picture bearing the former of these titles was exhibited at the Academy in 1808, and probably this is the one, for I find no other in the list. The scenery is not unlike that on the Medway above Rochester Bridge, as I remember it many years ago. In the left-hand foreground is a boat with two men and a boy in it, one of the former is pulling a fishing-line up from the water; on the right-hand side are two sailing-barges, one laden with straw, and two boats, all lying in a group. Behind these, and stretching away to the far horizon, is a range of high, undulating ground, very scantily wooded, which sweeps down to the river-side, and gradually diminishes in height as it recedes into the distance. On the left side of the picture, far removed from the foreground, are several buildings, and what looks like a kind of wharf or landing-place, projecting out into the river; on this are some carriages and horses, suggesting that the place is used as a ferry. The warm sunlight is skilfully reflected on the water; but the canvas is too large for the scanty materials placed on it. Another version of the same subject, as seen from a different point of view, and a much smaller picture, was hung at Burlington House with the last; it is

called "A Fishing Scene," and is the property of the Earl of Egmont: its reduced size makes it, in my opinion, the more covetable work. In 1820 Callcott sent to the Academy, "Dead Calm on the Medway," his only exhibited picture of the year. The "River Scene" may be the same painting under an indefinite title; certainly the river is calm enough, not a breath of air stirs its surface.

The Marquis of Lansdowne's collection at Bowood contains a picture by Callcott, bearing no especial title, but which Dr. Waagen thus describes:—"View of a Seaport and part of a Town in morning light: in the foreground two vessels of burden and two boats. The lighting is here carried out with so much delicacy, and the careful treatment is so solid in body, that this picture recalls Cuyp. Inscribed and dated 1815." These remarks scarcely accord with the title of the only picture exhibited by the painter in that year, "Passage and Luggage Boats," and yet it is just possible the two may be the same work.

Callcott evidently painted very many pictures which he never exhibited, and among them may be placed "The Farmyard," one of the Dibdin series; at that time, 1847, it belonged to Mr. George Pennell, the well-known dealer, who must, however, have disposed of it before his stock was sold in 1866, after his death, for it did not appear in Messrs. Christie and Manson's catalogue, though another picture by the same painter did—"Sultry Evening on the Thames, near Maidenhead," which was bought by Mr. Maxwell for 660 guineas. There is, too, no record of this having ever been exhibited. "The Farmyard" presents a number of gabled buildings embosomed among trees, and placed on the banks of a canal or small river, navigable, from the fact of a barge being on it. The water occupies the whole foreground of the picture, and is here shallow; cows are standing in it and on the bank; they form very prominent objects in the centre of the composition; but the painter has committed a great error in throwing right across the foreground, and most conspicuously, the trunk of a large tree that has fallen, or been cut down; a branch of the tree interferes most awkwardly with some of the cattle, depriving two or three of their legs, and dividing another into halves. On the left of the picture is a wooden platform projecting over the water, and approached through a gateway which separates it from a small meadow; on this platform stands a girl with a pitcher in one hand and a red pan, or something like it, on her head; she is looking at a boy near her who is kneeling to lace up his boots: the girl's dress is all red, and it is made the chief point of colour. The tree-forms in this picture are almost universally stiff and precise; two or three withered pollards are really deformities, and would have been better away altogether. A warm glow of evening sunshine is suffused over the picture.

In 1816 Callcott exhibited a picture, "Entrance to the Pool of London," at the Academy, which must always be considered among his most successful works.

Uwins, the Royal Academician, in a letter to a friend, writing of some of the principal contributions to the Gallery, speaks thus of it:—"Callcott has fairly out-boated himself; his picture of the entrance to the port of London is quite as fine as anything Cuyp ever painted, or anything that has ever been done, in this way, in any age or country:" and Mr. Thornbury, in his "Life of Turner," quotes a passage from "Wine and Walnuts" which refers to the same work:—"Turner for many years, during the Exhibition at Somerset House, was daily indebted to groups of admiring artists, generously occupied in teaching the public to feel the poetry of his original style; whilst he, too great to dread a rival, on being told that Callcott had painted one of his finest scenes on the Thames on commission for two hundred pounds, observed in the presence of several patrons of the fine arts, 'Had I been deputed to set a value upon that picture, I should have awarded a thousand guineas.' " "The Pool of the Thames,"* as it is entitled in the annexed engraving, is in the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne; but Dr. Waagen mentions another picture bearing the same title in Lord Overstone's mansion in Carlton Gardens. Now as I find no evidence that Callcott repeated the subject, and that Lord Overstone's picture is stated to be a very small canvas, the treatment "broad and sketchy," it may be assumed that the latter work is the original design for the former. The view appears to be taken somewhere on the river, with Limehouse on the Middlesex side and Rotherhithe on that of Surrey; not, however, so low down by a long space as Deptford, though in the extreme distance we have what appears to be one of the domes of Greenwich Hospital. The picture was painted long before the introduction of steam navigation, and consequently the "Pool" presents a very different aspect to what it does in the present day, the sky and atmosphere having a brilliancy and clearness to which this part of the Thames has long been a stranger; while among the vessels that crowd both sides of the river or float on its surface are no signs of the black funnels and unpicturesque hulls which have become almost the principal features of the ports of Great Britain. Here we have as the chief object in the composition, one of those high-quartered, flat-bottomed Dutch vessels which, old-fashioned as they are, always tell attractively in marine-painting, both from their quaint construction and the rich brown colouring, often with a strip of bright emerald green, they generally show. Beyond this is a hay-arge, and a little lower down, a sailing-brig: some vessels of the latter class lie between this group and the shore. On the left of the picture is a row-boat laden with merchandise, which has nearly run foul of a fishing-boat, whose occupants are evidently plying their vocation on the river; the net of the fishermen is traced out by the floating corks. It must be, one would think, many years since the Pool of the Thames yielded much result

* The picture was called "Entrance to the Pool of London," in the Academy Catalogue.

to the labours of the fisherman; even in Callcott's time it could scarcely have been very profitable work. These two boats are very effectively placed. The sky in the picture is among the most successful points—it is highly luminous, and the masses of light clouds on the right are excellent in form and full of movement. The bank of dark cloud on the left, from which a shower of rain descends in the half-distance, comes in as a kind of balance to the sail of the Dutch boat. The water is painted with great transparency, and the whole scene is most felicitously composed, and presented with remarkable brilliancy.

The first marine-subject, strictly so-called, painted—or, at least, exhibited—by Callcott, was “The Mouth of the Tyne, with a View of Shields,” which appeared at the Royal Academy in 1818, the only picture he exhibited that year: it is in the collection of Sir Matthew White-Ridley, Bart. The most prominent group of objects on the canvas consists of some coast-brigs and row-boats in rather close proximity; the former are standing out of the river under spreading canvas with a light breeze; they occupy a large space on the left of the composition: on the right, almost in the foreground, is a long row-boat with several men in it; and behind these, at no great apparent distance, is a scattered group of houses, which may not inaptly represent the North Shields of that time, or, as it is now called, Tynemouth; at the rear of these is a small forest of ships' masts, showing that a considerable amount of commerce, chiefly in coals, was then carried on. The picture is well lighted up by the evening sun.

In the late exhibition of “Old Masters,” &c., at Burlington House, was a large picture belonging to Sir W. Heathcote, which Callcott sent to the Royal Academy in 1822: it is called “Smugglers alarmed by Change of Weather.” In the centre of the composition there rises from an extensive tract of sandy shore a lofty range of rock, which, whatever it was originally, has now very little colour to show; in the foreground is a long sailing-boat drawn up in the surf, and containing numerous figures. On the beach are many more, several of them mounted on horseback, and having the appearance of well-to-do farmers; except for the absence of the dogs and the character of the place, one would suppose it to be a meet for a day with the hounds. The scene, certainly, is lively enough, but it seems almost impossible to make the composition harmonise with the title given to it. The artist was, most unquestionably, out of his element when he painted this picture, which has no really definite and intelligible meaning: the horses, moreover, that form such conspicuous objects in it, are ill-drawn and stiff in their action, for all are on the move. The size of the canvas, about eight and a half feet wide by five feet in height, renders the defects more manifest.

A few years ago a painter would have found it very difficult to meet with a more picturesque passage of scenery, after its kind, than a view of Rochester as



POOL OF THE THAMES.



seen from the Medway; such a view, that is, as would include the old bridge, the keep of the ancient castle, and the tower of the venerable cathedral: these three objects were in such close proximity that they grouped admirably. The old bridge, however, has been replaced by a new one, not unpictorial in itself, but by its side runs an ugly railway-bridge, which has destroyed the beauty of the locality for every artistic purpose. The only work exhibited by Callcott in 1824 was a "View of Rochester from the River below the Bridge," not so interesting a point, I consider, as is, or rather was, a view of the city sketched from above the bridge, where, to balance the castle, &c., on the right bank, there is, on the left, seen over the bridge, and somewhat in the distance, the high ground on which stands the small village of Frindsbury, with its pretty little church amidst groups of trees. Callcott's picture, which I have seen but once, and then only for a few minutes, when sold by Messrs. Christie, in 1863, with the collection of the late Mr. Elkanan Bicknell, is a very excellent example of the master: it was sold on that occasion for the sum of 490 guineas.

In the Sheepshanks collection is a small picture which I should have hesitated to class with English subjects but for its having the title "The Inn Door, Gravesend," assigned to it in the Catalogue. It bears no date, and no such work appears in the various lists of Callcott's exhibited pictures. It is painted on a long and narrow piece of millboard; on the right of the composition is the "inn-door," and before it are some peasants, and horses standing loose eating out of a hay-crate; in the rear of these is a cart, and, beyond, a high sandy bank, whereon stands a cottage amid trees. On the left side of the roadway, a very wide one, is a pump and a water-trough, to which a man has led his horse; the end of an open shed and two or three leafless pollards complete this group of objects. Between the two side-groups is an extensive common, with a road running over it towards a village, the spire of the church forming a kind of landmark; numerous figures are on their way across the common: all beyond is a range of undulating country stretching far away, till it seems to blend with the sky. It is a sweet little picture, warm and sunny, the sky is beautiful in cloudy tone, and the distant landscape in atmosphere. My doubts as to its being an English subject arise mainly, if not altogether, from the costumes of the figures, which look more Dutch than English; the man with the horse, on the left, is in his dress very like an Italian.

In the same collection is a much larger, though scarcely a more covetable, work than the last-mentioned; it is called "A Sunny Morning," and shows a group of cattle standing among some rushes in a pool of water: the effect of a hot, misty summer morning is well given. It is stated to have been exhibited at the Academy in 1813, but the artist was absent from the Gallery both in that year and the following. Mr. Sheepshanks also possessed, though I do not now find it among the works

he presented to the nation, a very admirable water-colour drawing, called “Shipping in a Breeze;” it is one of the series of coloured lithographs to which reference has more than once been already made. The picture is evidently an English river-scene, though there is no clue to the locality. In the foreground on the left is a large fishing-lugger sailing before the wind, and close by, at right angles with it, a small sailing-boat, apparently about to put some of its crew aboard the fishing-boat: at a distance behind is a three-masted merchantman at anchor near the river-bank, which extends almost the entire length of the composition, and shows in one spot a small village-church, as it seems to be, and two or three houses. On the right of the picture are several vessels of different kinds—a collier-brig, a flat-bottomed sailing-boat, two merchantmen under sail, row-boats, &c. There is but very little wave-motion in the water, which is clear and transparent. The sky shows masses of white clouds very luminous.

In the Vernon collection is a very small oil-painting which bears the title of “The Wooden Bridge:” there is no mention of any such work in the list of Callcott’s pictures, but it is a little gem, as the annexed engraving sufficiently shows, so far as refers to the composition itself; the colour may be taken for granted. The picture belongs strictly to the class of imitative art; a faithful objective treatment of a simple scene, one of those many homely views in which the vicinity of our rural towns and villages abounded so much more numerously half a century ago than they do at the present time. In the centre of the picture is the “Wooden Bridge” spanning the narrow stream, the clear and quiet water of which, passing underneath, is scarcely ruffled in the lightest degree by the ducks floating on its surface. On the opposite side is a man seated in a boat mending some fishing-baskets, possibly—for they are not easily determinable—while he talks with a woman carrying a child, and standing on a small landing-place near him. Above these, and on the bank, are some farm outbuildings, partly surrounded by masses of fine trees; and, crossing the bridge, is a farmer’s cart heavily laden with agricultural produce, and drawn by three horses. The execution of this sweet little picture is very elaborate, and it is much more positively coloured than the majority of Callcott’s larger works. The fine cluster of trees contrasts beautifully with the bright sky above, and the eye is very skilfully drawn to the bridge, the principal feature of the composition, by the judicious introduction of the white horse just emerged from the shadow of the foliage. The foreground acquires considerable force by the delicacy with which the distant landscape, showing a town or large village, beneath the bridge, is managed.

Turning over some more of Dibdin’s lithographs after Callcott, I find one with the title “Ships in a Stormy Sea,” from a picture then in the possession of Mr. Sheepshanks, and which now forms one of his collection at South Kensington,



THE WOODEN BRIDGE.





SIR A. W. CALLCOTT, R.A. PAINTER.

THE POOL OF THE THAMES.

W. MILLER, ENGRAVER.



SIR A.W. CALLcott, PAINTER.

J.C. BENTLEY, ENGRAVER.

THE WOODEN BRIDGE.

LONDON, VIRTUE & CO.

where it appears in the catalogue as "A Sea-Port—Gale rising :" there is nothing in the painter's exhibited works which affords any index to its date. Almost the whole of the fore-part is occupied by a rather boisterous sea, one-half of which has a strong gleam of sunshine on it, the nearer half reflecting the cloud-shadows ; several sea-gulls are skimming over the surface, and pieces of a ship's shrouds are floating about ; on the extreme right is a short jetty, on which stand some sailors ; and a flagstaff, bending with the effects of the gale, is near them, showing a small, bright-red flag : bits of red are very frequently seen in Callcott's pictures, and here the flag is the only spot of positive colour to be seen. In the middle distance is a small vessel that seems to have suffered some damage, and near it is another, apparently dismasted ; farther off are two large merchantmen riding at anchor, the more distant one momentarily lighted up by the sun. The sky is heavy with driving clouds, with here and there breaks of blue in it.

In the same series of prints as the last-mentioned is a thorough home-scene from a water-colour drawing, "Reapers, with a View of Stafford," thirty years ago in the possession of Mr. C. T. Maud ; where it now is, I know not. The sketch was made from some fields closely adjoining the town, and yet it shows but comparatively few houses, a church, and portions of two public edifices, the whole standing in ground slightly elevated, and the buildings somewhat scattered ; on the left side of the picture, beyond the outskirts of the town, the view opens out into an extensive tract of rather flat country. The cornfield where the reapers have been at work—they are now binding and carrying the sheaves, and some gleaners are leaving the spot well laden with their gatherings of golden ears—occupies a large space of the foreground to the left, but is separated by a hedge from the right, which presents the appearance of meadow-land. In the middle of the immediate foreground a road leads from the cornfield out of the picture at its base ; it is bounded on each side by a low hedge of dock-leaves, long grasses, broken stakes, &c. The only part of the whole landscape which is at all brilliantly lighted with sunshine is the field where the reapers and others are at work.

Another example of Callcott's work among the farmers and their men is in a picture, "Labourers reposing," in the gallery of the Marquis of Lansdowne : it is a long, narrow canvas, presenting a most extensive view of a tract of downs such as one sees in some parts of Sussex. There is scarcely a tree visible for miles. Quite in the foreground, on the left, are a man and a boy half reclining on a grass bank, with their dinner by their side ; between them a large dog is seated on his hind legs, while the man gives him a lesson in the art of begging. The figures are well drawn and naturally posed. Behind them, but on higher ground, is a portion of a cottage, or probably of a barn, for no windows are visible. On the right side of the picture, this group of objects is balanced by a horse and cart

standing broadside to the spectator, some women and a man apparently in conversation, and by parts of a cottage with a haystack near it: a sheep-dog in front of the house curiously watches the canine instruction going on across the road, for a road divides the two groups from each other. The sky in this picture is very brilliant in colour, somewhat golden and warm, while the atmospheric effect, or, as some would say, the aerial perspective, is excellently well managed.

“The Old Pier at Littlehampton,” the picture from which the annexed engraving is taken, was exhibited at the Academy in 1812, and is now in the Vernon collection. The old wooden structure has long since disappeared from this pleasant little Sussex watering-place, which stands near to the mouth of the river Arun, and about three miles from Arundel, with all its many historical associations. Littlehampton has now another pier and jetties, and also a lighthouse. Callcott’s picture shows stormy weather; heavy clouds are sailing up with the wind, and the surf beats roughly on the shore. There is nothing in the subject to give to it special interest beyond the treatment; but this is so thoroughly agreeable and effective, and the contrasts of colours and of light and shade are so judiciously made, that the picture cannot but attract. It was bought by the late Mr. Vernon at the sale of Lord de Tabley’s collection in 1827 for the sum of 155 guineas; less by one-third in all probability than it would now realise, if submitted to public sale.

During the last twenty years of Callcott’s life, he painted far fewer pictures of English scenery than of Dutch and Italian; but there are one or two of the first-mentioned, belonging to his later period, that must not be passed over, as they certainly are among his very best works. In 1833 he exhibited at the Academy “Harvest in the Highlands,” the figures and cattle by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. Though there can be no question that the aid of our great animal-painter added vastly to the value of the picture, yet the landscape-artist is fully entitled to his share. The scene is presented on one of those long narrow canvases which Callcott frequently used. From the left of the composition a lofty range of mountains stretches away into the extreme distance; a considerable portion of these is concealed by clouds and vapours, for a shower has just passed over the far-off landscape, which is in deep shadow, except where a rainbow appears to spring from its surface; the long level plain between this and the foreground is more or less lighted up with gleams of sunshine. In the front, on the left, and leading into the centre of the picture, is the corn, partly standing, partly gathered into sheaves; nor does it seem that the farmer is over-anxious to have it garnered, for the labourers are few —one elderly woman with a rake in her hand, and a young girl holding a sickle, and with a small sheaf of corn under her arm. The girl is conversing with a group of boys, one of whom is keeping back a collie-dog, whose attention is directed to a number of deer-stalkers coming up in the distance laden with their



THE OLD PIER AT LITTLEHAMPTON.





J. COUSSEN, ENGRAVER.

THE OLD PIER AT LITTLE HAMPTON.

SIR A.W. CALLCOTT, R.A., PAINTER.

LONDON, VIRTUE & C°

spoil. Between the old woman and the group of children is a cart laden with corn : it is drawn by a rough-looking animal, with a foal at its side ; and to the right of the group, among a mass of granite-boulders, is a calf tethered, and a goat and its kids. These figures Landseer seems to have grouped together more for variety and picturesque effect than for any fitness of companionship in a harvest-field,—at least, it must appear so to one accustomed only to an English harvest-field ; but who cares to criticize adversely such a scene of rich luxuriance ? even if there are objects in it amenable to remark as being somewhat out of place. Callcott did his part of the work well ; the landscape everywhere is charmingly rendered, with a delicious effect of atmosphere which is very captivating.

Another notable picture by this refined painter—and, unfortunately, one of his latest—was “An English Landscape Composition,” exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1842. During the three preceding years he had contributed but one painting to the gallery, and that a figure-subject, “Milton dictating to his Daughters : ” Callcott’s re-appearance, therefore, in his most familiar form, and in such a fine landscape, was hailed with especial delight by all who appreciated his works, as it showed that the principle of his Art-life was yet strong within him. The elements of this composition are simple even to commonplace, so much so that none but a master-spirit could attach to them even a limited measure of interest ; here, however, they are brought forward with a most appreciative sense of the sublime and the beautiful. It is an upright canvas, of rather large dimensions, and the landscape is made out of a foreground covered by a stream of shallow water in which a few cows are luxuriating, some trees, and a distance. On the right the sight is limited by the stately trees, whence it ranges over a gently-undulating country into an airy perspective, which finally is mantled in the sky of the horizon. The season is summer, the day sultry, and the atmosphere is charged with a slight air that gives to the subject a soft and dreamy effect. The water is cool and inimitably limpid ; but the triumph of the picture is its atmosphere : air has rarely been more successfully represented. The shadow under the trees is pure and deep : a cow has sought refuge there from the noon-day heat, but is pursued by the flies, if there be any meaning in the movement of the animal’s ears. The subsequent history of this picture is both interesting and instructive. Callcott is said to have sold it to the late Mr. Knott, of Upper Thames Street and Barnet, for the sum of 400 guineas : when the collection of this gentleman was dispersed by Messrs. Christie and Manson in 1845, the “English Landscape” rose in value to 950 guineas, the first bidding being 500 guineas : it was knocked down amid the applause of the company, the sum being considered large. It was understood at the time to have been bought by a dealer on commission for some gentleman ; but whether it passed at once into the hands of the late Mr. Bicknell of Camberwell I cannot say ; it was

among his pictures, however, when his notable gallery was sold in 1863; and an advance yet more remarkable then attended the Callcott painting, for since it last appeared in a public sale-room, Sir Edwin Landseer had "worked up" the cattle, and this alone served to raise it to the enormous value of 2,950 guineas, which Messrs. Agnew then paid for it. Afterwards, and very soon, it must have passed into the hands of Mr. Duncan Fletcher, the eminent ship-builder, at the dispersion of whose collection, in 1863, the price dropped down to 2,000 guineas; Messrs. Agnew again securing it, and at that sum. Its present owner is, I believe, Miss Woods, Hyde Park Gardens.

Possibly Callcott had Cuyp in his mind when he painted the beautiful little picture, now in the Vernon collection, entitled "The Meadow:" there is no clue to its date, nor can it with certainty be determined whether the scene is Dutch or English; neither is it of importance to which country it may be assigned, and so it is here placed among the latter. The meadow is situated on the confines of a river, on the opposite bank of which we catch, through the golden haze, the dim outline of a town, whose church-towers are lighted up with the rays of the early sun:—

" Around and above us the brightness grows,
Waking the earth from her sweet repose;
And the broad expanse of the circling seas,
And the tops of the mighty forest trees,
And the distant towers of cities old,
Are clad in a robe of burnished gold."

To the left of the composition, in order to carry the eye onward, a cart is descending over an obviously uneven road; it is partially obscured by the morning mist. In the foreground a small herd of cattle is lying, some waking up from their night's repose, others yet dozing through the young day, but all in perfect tranquillity. Around them, on the high grass and the green herbage, the fresh dew glitters as if pearls had been scattered over their surface, while the pool of water beside which the cattle are lying has just caught the first beams of sunlight. The sky is arranged with the skill of a master; the clouds, in gentle motion, are placed where they serve the purpose of filling in a considerable space, while they enrich the picture by their beautiful colour and luminous quality. "The Meadow" is painted on panel, about thirteen inches wide by six in height: in every way it is a gem of the highest and purest character, and wrought with exquisite finish.

We have, since Callcott's time, become used to a style of landscape-painting which partakes somewhat too much of gaud and extravagance of colour to permit of any comparison being made between his works and very many of those which have succeeded to them; hence we have heard his pictures termed vapid and conventional. It should not, however, be forgotten that Callcott and his contemporaries were no



THE MEADOW.





R. BRANDARD, ENGRAVER.

SIR A. W. CALLCOTT, R.A., PAINTER.

THE MEDOW.

LONDON: VIRTUE & CO

seekers after novelty; not even Turner's eccentricities could move them from the "even tenour of their way," wherein it was their object to work on the lines laid down by the great early landscape-painters. But we have now got far beyond all this; and, in the opinion of some, have long left Claude and Cuyp, Ruysdael and Both, Backhuysen and Van de Velde, quite in our rear as exponents of true Art.





DUTCH, BELGIAN, AND GERMAN SCENERY.



the view; and behind these, towards the left, rise the tower and gabled roofs of the Church of St. Lawrence, or the Cathedral—an imposing-looking edifice as it is brought forward in the picture. Two or three market-boats are prominent in the foreground, and give life to the composition and a degree of brilliancy by reason of the costume of the peasant-women carrying fruit and vegetables to market: the only trace of positive colour visible anywhere is the bright red petticoat of a woman seated in the stern of the boat nearest to the spectator.

In the collection of the Duke of Bedford, at Woburn Abbey, is one of the two pictures exhibited by Callcott at the Academy in 1826, “The Quay at Antwerp during the Fair-time.” The quay is so completely concealed by the number of vessels, many of them with their sails set, anchored near by, that very little indeed of the picturesque houses standing on it, and still less of the pleasant green trees are at all visible: at the extreme end of the quay is a mass of buildings, and among them one having the appearance of a church, but I have no recollection of seeing any such edifice during my visits to the city. The artist has placed it, so far as I can judge, somewhere in the vicinity of the Citadel; and it is not improbable that when he made his sketch—of course prior to 1826—it may have existed. The siege of Antwerp in 1832 may, however, have caused the removal or destruction of these buildings, for the quarter of the Citadel suffered most severely from the fire of the French, under the command of Marshal Gérard. Lying at a short distance from the quay is a small fleet of those well-known Dutch vessels so acceptable to artists, surrounded by many row-boats: it is the crowded appearance of the former and the general holiday-look of the whole that suggest “Fair-time.” This latter group and the quay with its appendages divide the picture into two parts; to avoid, however, complete separation to the eye of the spectator, Callcott has judiciously introduced between them, and slightly in advance of both, a boatload of gaily-dressed figures. The scene is very bright, the sky warm and sunny, the river Scheldt placidly reflecting all the softness and quietude of the heaven above it.

The other picture which Callcott exhibited with this last, was “Dutch Boats running foul in the endeavour to board, and missing the Painter-rope;” according to Mr. Thornbury, in his “Life of Turner,” there is a story relating to the work, and it is this:—“In 1826 that great ruler of the sea, Stanfield, painted a picture of a calm, which he named ‘Throwing the Painter.’ Unfortunately he was unable to get it finished in time for the Exhibition, and Callcott hearing of it, painted a picture which for fun he called ‘Dutch Fishing-Boat missing the Painter’”—Mr. Thornbury has not the title correctly. “Turner would chuckle rarely over these studio jokes, and quietly determining to cap them all, he came out next year with a work named ‘Now for the Painter,’ with all the laughing triumph of a boy who at leap-frog takes the last and highest back.”



DUTCH, BELGIAN, AND GERMAN SCENERY.

IT has been stated in a preceding page that Callcott exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1802 a picture called "Lago Maggiore," and that it must have been painted from some sketch that had got into his hands; for there is no evidence of his visiting the Continent till several years later. Most probably he went abroad about 1817 or 1818, for he exhibited nothing in the former year, and only one picture, "The Mouth of the Tyne," in the latter; but in 1819 he sent "Rotterdam" to the Academy, his only work. I believe this to be in the collection of Lord Overstone, at Carlton Gardens, where Dr. Waagen, in his "Art-Treasures of Great Britain," the supplemental volume, calls it a "View of the River Maas by Rotterdam," and describes it as presenting "several large and small vessels, in morning light. . . . This picture is of admirable effect and uncommon transparency, and shows the successful study of Cuyp." His next foreign picture was sketched in the same locality: "Dutch Market-Boats, Rotterdam," exhibited at the Academy in 1823, and also at the late winter-exhibition at Burlington House, for which it was lent by its owner, the Earl of Essex: it is a very clean-painted picture, showing little more than negative colours, yet it is very far from dulness; perhaps the sunshine in it is as bright as can be expected in a Dutch seaport, though Rotterdam is actually more than twenty miles from the ocean. The view offers a novel and picturesque combination of water, quaint buildings, imposing architecture, and marine life, not often found within the very heart of a city. The entire foreground is occupied by a canal, flanked on the left by houses and warehouses, with numerous vessels discharging or taking in cargo at the quays; on the opposite side portions of some picturesque buildings are just visible, by way of balance and support. At right angles, or nearly so, with the sides, runs a line of houses, quays, &c., shutting in



WAITING FOR THE BOATS.



WAITING FOR THE BOATS.

SIR A.W. CALLOTT, R.A. PAINTER.

J. H. KERNOT, ENGRAVER.



artist seems to have animated the English painter in his treatment of this most excellent picture.

Sir Matthew W. Ridley had in his possession a few years ago, and probably now has, a remarkably good specimen of Callcott's works, of which a large coloured engraving is before me: it has no name, but is simply designated "A River Scene, with Round Tower," and is evidently of Dutch or German origin. The picture is full of materials; the river is very narrow, scarcely wide enough to admit of two sailing-barges passing each other without danger of collision. On the left bank, two or three of such barges—one of them laden with straw—are anchored close inshore, their large red sails spread out in the sun, and serving as a background to some women and children seated on the piled-up straw. Immediately in front of this barge is a row-boat, laden with some objects, which are not readily determinable; this boat a man is pushing out into mid-stream: close to it is another boat of different construction, in which is a woman dipping a jug into the water. On the land, immediately behind these, is a cottage, of which only a part of the roof and the chimney are visible, embosomed in a mass of trees. A little beyond this combination of objects, on the left side of the river, is a boat with several men, some of them standing up in it, and in their rear is the "round tower" which gives a sort of title to the work: it occupies a prominent position almost in the centre of the picture, and leading the eye forward to a stone bridge of four or five arches, which crosses the river to the right bank, and is backed by numerous buildings, among which are the spires of churches: these form the distance of the composition. Close to the bridge, on the right side, are some barges with their sails set, and on the bank some horses, apparently employed in towing. A man standing up to his knees among the rushes by the water-side, and engaged in fishing, serves as a kind of counterpoise to the numerous objects opposite him on the other side of the river. The whole is presented under the red glow of an evening sun.

Another coloured print from the same series, also lying before me, is called "Unloading the Barge," the barge being one of those high and square stern vessels with huge sails which the Dutch appear to have used since they first learned the art of navigation, and which they seem determined to retain so long as they have anything afloat. One or two smaller vessels are in her company, and all are lying in such shallow water, near a thin strip of land jutting out into the sea, that the hoofs of a couple of horses, in a cart which is being laden with merchandise from the barge, are scarcely covered. Nothing more is visible in the picture than the objects just spoken of. The effect is that of the time preceding twilight; the upper part of the sky is covered with the clouds of evening; in the lower portion sunlight lingers in the horizon, and throws out in

The annexed engraving is from a comparatively small picture in the Vernon collection called "Waiting for the Boats;" the date of the work cannot now be determined, for there is no record of its having ever been exhibited. That it is a Dutch scene is undoubted, for the figures are dressed in the costume of that nation; and admirably modelled and grouped are both they and the horses. On the old stone-jetty is a waggon with a pair of horses prepared, it may be presumed, to carry inland some of the cargoes of the fishing-boats just visible in the horizon, and for which the people on shore are waiting. The characteristic feeling of this picture is repose—a repose that seems to pervade every object in it, whether animate or inanimate, for there is not the slightest indication of a breath of air in the atmosphere to move the clouds or to raise a ripple on the surface of the sea. Callcott has certainly made the most of the materials he has employed, and has arranged them very effectively: the picture is painted with considerable force and freedom of pencil; a cool grey tone overspreads the whole, which renders it less brilliant as an engraving than if the lights had been more strikingly brought forward; such a treatment would, however, have destroyed the harmony of colour now prevailing. The picture is painted on panel.

Among the works of Callcott in the Sheepshanks collection, is one which was exhibited at the Academy in 1830—"A Brisk Gale—Dutch East Indiaman landing Passengers," at the entrance of a port or harbour, the two extremities of which are in the foreground of the composition; some small Dutch-built vessels are making for the shelter: these are on the left of the picture; on the right lies the Indiaman broadside to the spectator. The ship is of enormous length, and low down in the water, as if heavily laden with merchandise from the Dutch settlements in the East; a small sailing-boat with passengers has, apparently, just left her; a row-boat has reached the end of one pier and the boatmen are landing a single passenger with his luggage. There is effective play of cloud and sunshine in the sky, nicely reflected as light and shade on the water.

In the same collection is another of Callcott's pictures, very different from that just noticed, and of a much more recent date; in fact, one of his latest works, signed and dated 1841, and exhibited in the Academy in the year following. It is a long, narrow strip of canvas, bearing the title "Dort;" the whole of the foreground is a large field dotted over with a vast herd of cattle; on the right, where the ground is somewhat elevated, is a farm-house and out-buildings, with a few pollard-willows growing here and there. On the left two cow-herds are reclining on a sandy bank, taking a meal, while their dog watches the kine. Beyond these, in the distance, Dort is seen across the river Waal, whereon are a few fishing-boats; conspicuous among the buildings is the tall, square tower of the principal church. Albert Cuyp was born at Dort, and the spirit of the Dutch



A DUTCH FERRY.





SIR A. W. CALLOCOTT, R. A. PAINTER.

R. WALLS. ENGRAVER.

A. DUTCH FERRY.

LONDON, VIRTUE & CO.

covered with rushes, projects a long way across the canvas, where it almost meets a row-boat filled with men. The extreme depression of the horizon is met to some extent by two or three tall piles near the rush-bank, which serve the purpose, naturally, of landmarks when the river overflows, and in the picture, of breaking the low horizontal lines, so as to carry the eye upward. On the other side of the rushes the sails of one or two sailing-boats are visible, and in the middle of the river is another that seems only to move slowly with the tide. The scene is one of perfect quietude.

Callcott's visit to Germany produced, so far as can be gathered from his exhibited pictures, but few results. In 1831 he sent to the Academy "View of Trent in the Tyrol," and in 1836, "Trent in the Tyrol;" a small engraving from one of these paintings—I know not which—is before me as I write. The view is taken from the left bank of the river Adige, on which this town stands so picturesquely, surrounded by lofty mountains; a prominent object in the view is a lofty square tower rising from a mass of buildings enclosed within a battlemented wall, having a gateway through which crowds of people are passing into and out of the town. From the left extremity of the wall a wooden bridge crosses the Adige, a waggon drawn by four horses is just on its way over; and several cows are standing knee-deep in the water. Conspicuous in the foreground is a female carrying a vessel of some kind or other in each hand. Judging from the effective character of the engraving, the picture from which it was copied must be most excellent. There is, however, in the series of coloured prints of which I have already made use, another version of this Trent subject, taken from a water-colour drawing, at the time in possession of Messrs. Graves & Co. The sketch for this seems to have been made somewhat nearer to the town, but from the same point; so that we have in it all the main features of the other. The crowds of people going in and out of the city are, however, not here; nor the woman with her milk cans, or whatever the vessels may be which she carries; but as the principal objects, quite in the foreground, two flat-bottomed boats are introduced, with two or three figures seated beside them, and some strangely-drawn cows, to complete a rather incongruous group. From the sketchy nature of the copy it may be assumed that the original is a slight drawing, yet one certainly of very nice feeling: especially attractive is the treatment of the distant hills, with their diversified tints of colour, and the play of light and shade over their surfaces.

In the Vernon collection is a picture the value of which must in no degree be estimated by its size; if it were, a very low estimate would be placed upon it, for the wood, or panel, whereon the "Sea-shore in Holland" is painted is no larger than the annexed engraving of the subject; but the work is a little gem, exhibiting all the best qualities a connoisseur would look for in a picture, and greatly resembling in character the works of some one of the old Dutch masters, the younger Van de Velde,

bold relief, but in an almost colourless mass, the various objects grouped together in the foreground.

No country of Europe has undergone so little external change within the two last centuries as Holland. In its natural aspect—the general appearance of her towns and villages—and in the domestic habits and manners of the people, we see now very nearly the same scenes as the old Dutch painters have shown us. When Wilkie visited the country he wrote to his friend, Sir George Beaumont:—“Nothing seems new to me here, for I had been familiar with it all upon canvas, and what one could not help admiring was, that these old masters should have been able to draw the materials of so beautiful a variety of art from so contracted and monotonous a country.” The remark applies with almost equal force to each class of art, whether marine, or landscape-painting, or *genre*. It can, therefore, scarcely be a subject of wonder that modern pictures of Dutch scenery and manners bear a close resemblance to those painted two hundred years and more ago, when the sources whence the painters draw their material have undergone little or no alteration. While social revolution—not to speak of political changes—have rapidly been marching through vast tracts of the civilised world, Holland has remained in appearance almost as she was when Wouverman drew pictures of her cavaliers, Teniers of her village fêtes, and Cuyp and Paul Potter of her pastures and “lowing herds.”

These remarks seem naturally to suggest themselves when looking at the engraving here given from a picture by Callcott, in the Vernon collection, called “A Dutch Ferry,” exhibited at the Academy in 1829; the artist exhibited another “Dutch Ferry” at the British Institution in 1834, but it was a much smaller work. Here is a rural scene of true picturesque character,—some houses overshadowed by the foliage of an avenue of noble trees, peasants refreshing themselves at a roadside inn; a woman mounted on her horse, either going to, or coming from, marketing in the neighbouring town, is seen in the distance; and, on the left, a boat filled with various commodities has just left the shore, under the guidance of a woman, for the opposite side of the ferry. All these various objects are disposed to the best pictorial advantage; the trees would, perhaps, have gained in appearance had the forms been less conventional, and the foliage rather less opaque; the branches want opening out to admit of some light to penetrate their density. The picture is, however, a good specimen of the artist’s quiet and perfectly natural style.

Lord Colborne possesses a painting by Callcott, a “River Scene in Holland,” which is little more than a representation of sky and water; the former, occupying quite three-fourths of the canvas, shows large masses of light clouds floating idly overhead, hiding the sun from the near part of the picture, but throwing it brightly on the slip of low land on the other side of the river: this sky is very sweetly painted. The foreground is made up of some mud-banks, a narrow slip of which,



SEA-SHORE IN HOLLAND.





J. C. BENTLEY, ENGRAVER.

SIR A. W. CALLCOTT, R.A., PAINTER.

SEA - SHORE IN HOLLAND.

the Moselle, are in the highest degree picturesque ; and the view of its extraordinary windings from the heights above it, are as singular as they are enchanting.” Its whole course, moreover, is as full of traditional and legendary story as well as of historic facts, as is that of the Rhine. Callcott has not indicated the locality of this “ High Tower”—for such it really is, a very lofty square-built tower, without windows, at least in the side facing the spectator, only narrow loopholes, and it stands at the extreme edge of a high rock overhanging the Moselle; between it and a bank on the right is an archway, beneath which a road leads to some houses erected on high ground. At the base of the tower on the left, but a hundred feet below, as it appears, and at a considerable distance off, are some houses close to the water-side, and two pleasure-boats from which people are disembarking; or, perhaps, in which they are about to embark. On the opposite side of the river is a sloping mass of high rock, crowned with a large monastic-looking edifice, and having at its base a village of some pretensions, for among the buildings two church spires are conspicuous. In the foreground of the drawing are several figures on a rather large scale: two females seated on a point of rock which immediately overlooks the water, and to the right of these a woman talking to some men; farther off is a figure on horseback. One may very readily understand that the original from which the print was taken is a drawing of much excellence, very warm and sunny in tone.

Another coloured print, the last of the series, to which reference has frequently been made, is from a picture that was in the possession of Miss Sheepshanks; it is an upright subject with nothing to enable one to identify the locality, its title being only “ River Scene: Figures on the Bank.” It is, however, evidently of Dutch origin. On the right hand is a road, high above the water-level, but leading to it by a flight of four or five steps: on the road is a man on horseback talking to a woman close to two horses drinking out of a roadside trough; these are closed in by some rather tall trees, and by the lofty sails of two barges moored close to the wooden piles and fence supporting the embanked roadway, beyond which the stern of one of the barges is visible, with a man seated in it. Nearer to the base-line of the picture is a fisherman’s boat with three men in it: long rushes, water-lilies in bloom, and fishing-baskets in and out of the water, with other objects, occupy the immediate foreground. On the opposite bank of the river is a group of buildings; among them a square tower is conspicuous, close to the water’s edge; and at some distance off is another square tower—on a projecting tongue of land, so far as can be made out amidst the hot, hazy atmosphere that envelops the whole of the distance. The varied colours of the sky, and the general tone of the picture, are suggestive of a sultry summer’s evening.

The engraving forming the frontispiece to this volume is from one of Callcott’s

for instance; but more especially the marine views of Ruysdael; a comparison of it with one of the latter would show a close resemblance. It is considered by some critics that this small picture is actually copied from a work by a Dutchman; but Callcott was no copyist, though in this instance he seems to have had in his mind the work of another; indeed, it is not improbable that the picture is a composition of materials gathered from the sources alluded to, inasmuch as the artist would not have painted a sea-shore in Holland as here represented had he adhered to his own individual style; the majority of his pictures of Dutch scenery partaking in a degree of those qualities of tranquillity and of classic feeling which distinguish his English and Italian landscapes. This, on the contrary, is strictly Dutch in its composition and treatment, while the figures belong to an age that has long since passed away; both Ruysdael and Van de Velde might have made their personal acquaintance. The fishing-boats are steering for the shore, warned by the threat of rough weather in those heavy clouds charged with the tempest: there is very much of life and action everywhere, with an admirable disposition of each component part. The picture is painted with a rich *impasto* of colour, but beautifully transparent in its tones, and with the most delicate finish. There is a very effective arrangement of light and shade in the original which could not easily be translated into black and white, owing to the absence of any quantity of high lights; but the skill and management of that excellent artist and very clever engraver, the late J. C. Bentley, have resulted in a print of unusual sparkle and brilliancy. The picture bears no date.

Among the Flemish or Belgian scenes painted and exhibited by Callcott I find such works as "Bruges, from the Ghent Canal" (1827); "Canal of Bruges" (1831); and of German landscapes, "Morning on the Lower Rhine" (1833); "Cologne" (1834); "Scene on the Rhine" (1838); but I have no notes of any of these pictures, neither have I been able to trace them.

I have before me a large coloured print from a water-colour drawing by Callcott, which, many years ago, was in the possession of Mr. Charles Meigh, of Shelton, Staffordshire, whose collection was sold in the year 1850, but this work does not appear to have been included in the sale; it is simply called "High Tower on the Moselle." The banks of this river offer to the artist many passages of a most picturesque character; "while ruins of old castles, watch-towers, and Gothic church steeples, are not wanting to give a religious or romantic tone to the landscape." Very much of the pictorial interest which attaches to it arises from its complicated windings that often produce very novel and striking scenery, while its sides skirt lofty hills clothed in rich woods or covered with grape-vines: and though the banks of the Moselle may not be compared with those of the Rhine for grandeur, they are less monotonous in their general aspect, and more beautiful. "Some of the side-valleys, too," says a writer when referring to the scenery of the river, "which merge into

charms by its admirable simplicity combined with severe truth ; the gentle surging of the water, acted upon by the wind—uniform from a given point—the beautiful gradation of distance, and the respirable atmosphere, are points any one of which would give value to a work of this kind ; it served to show that as a marine-painter Callcott retained to the last his power of effectively treating such subjects.



best-known pictures—at least of Dutch scenery; it is now in the Vernon collection, where it is known as “Dutch Peasants returning from Market,” and in the catalogue is stated to have been exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1834: but on reference to the catalogues of the Academy I find in that year the artist had no picture so designated, but one simply called “Returning from Market;” in 1836, however, he exhibited one bearing the first-named title; and it is, therefore, only reasonable to assume the “Dutch Peasants, &c.,” is the work sent in 1836, which is here termed “Crossing the Stream,” as better indicating the subject. The composition is in every way most attractive from its picturesque beauty. The foreground presents a group which may be accepted as consisting of a well-to-do farmer’s wife, mounted on a capital nag, another female, perhaps the sister of the former, leading a grey horse carrying a young boy, and a female farm-servant with a basket of poultry on her head, and a pail, filled with something or other, on her right arm: with petticoats carefully “caught up” the two younger females cross the shallow stream bare-legged. The background to the left shows a road, skirted by an avenue of trees, to the town whence they have come from the market; and the road to the right leads to a village, their probable destination, over a level tract of country stretching into the far-distant horizon. The prevailing qualities of this picture are light and air; the breadth of the former and the transparency of the latter are rendered in a very masterly manner; even the thick masses of foliage are most luminously painted, and yet without the slightest sacrifice of power, for the work throughout exhibits more “body” than we are accustomed to find in Callcott’s pictures generally. There is a degree of elegance in the *pose* and grouping of the figures that contributes not a little to its beauty; the respective portions of the composition are also very nicely balanced, and the eye is judiciously led from the centre—the chief point of interest—to each retiring distance. There is one little matter that appears as a defect; the trunk of the tree immediately behind the dappled grey horse and the hind leg on the near side of the animal, form, as it were, a continuous line, so as almost to seem parts of the same object; had the horse been placed only half a step in advance, this would have been avoided. The splash round each of the feet of the same animal makes it to appear as if all had been brought down simultaneously into the water. These, however, are blemishes of little consequence in a picture so full of marked excellencies as this is.

Of the three pictures exhibited by Callcott in 1844, the year of his death, one, “A Stiff Breeze,” had a Dutch origin. The stiff breeze we may presume to be off the land, since there is but little motion in the water. The only objects presented are something like a Rotterdam *schuyt*, and in the middle distance a ship of the line putting about to stand off the land. The painter often “ran free” with Backhuysen and Van de Velde, outsailing both in their own misty Zuyder Zee. This picture



ITALIAN SCENERY.



Why do the cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

CAMPBELL'S *Pleasures of Hope*.

"Port of Savona, in the Gulf of Genoa," exhibited in 1833, and the "Port of Leghorn," in 1834, are pictures I have never chanced to see; but I find in a contemporary review of the latter exhibition these remarks on "The Port of Leghorn":—"We like the remoter objects in this landscape, which are executed with Mr. Callcott's accustomed delicacy and correctness, as well with regard to linear as aerial perspective; and, doubtless, to local truth also; but in the water there appears to us to be a decided departure from the effects of nature, both in form and colour, the first of which is too mechanical, and the second too much of a vegetable green." Of others which followed, "Approach to Verona, from the Tyrol" (1835), and "Murano, the Old Port of Venice," exhibited at the British Institution in 1838, I can learn nothing. "Cicero's Tomb, near Mola di Gaeta," was exhibited at the Academy in 1838. The traveller from Itri to Naples passes through a portion of country not only of great picturesque beauty naturally, but also of much most interesting classical association. "Shortly before reaching Mola," writes Mr. O. Blewitt, in his "Handbook for South Italy and Naples," "the road opens upon the charming bay of Gaeta, bounded on the south by its celebrated headland, covered with bright battlements and villas. In the distance, on the other side, are Ischia and Procida; and farther still, we may descry the blue mountains which form the eastern curve of the bay of Naples, and the well-known outline of Vesuvius. As we advance, a massive circular tower, standing on a square base in the midst of the vineyard on the right, and overhung by a carrouba tree, is a picturesque object in the landscape, and would probably be selected by the artist as a striking feature in every view of the bay from this road even if it did not possess a higher interest as the tomb of Cicero. This massive sepulchre too closely resembles the other buildings of the same kind whose remains are still traceable on the Appian to leave any doubt as to its real purpose; it consists of two stories above an immense square base, and is surmounted with a small lantern with windows. On the hill above the road some vestiges of foundations may still be traced which probably mark the site of the temple dedicated by Cicero to Apollo, and on the shore, as we shall presently see, considerable remains still exist to denote the position of the Formian villa." Callcott's picture was, a few years ago, and possibly is yet, in the possession of Mr. William Marshall, Eaton Square; the point of view is happily selected, showing a wide expanse of the bay of Naples in the distance; it is delicate in gradation and careful in execution.



ITALIAN SCENERY.

IN the short biographical sketch which appears in the earlier pages of this volume, it was remarked that there is no evidence of Callcott visiting Italy till his marriage with Mrs. Graham, when both he and his wife passed some time in that country, leaving London in May, 1827. In 1829 his first Italian picture appeared at the Academy, at least, it may be presumed from its title, "The Fountain—Morning," to be an Italian subject, and thenceforward scarcely a season passed without seeing one or more of these scenes in the gallery of the Academy; but the majority of them, as the list in the Appendix shows, are mere compositions, very classic and elegant in design, and appropriate in treatment, but necessarily losing much of their interest from being "nowhere" except in the artist's imagination. In a few we gain some clue to the locality represented, as in "Sunset: at Camuglia" (1832), a busy little fishing-town about ten miles from Genoa, a city whose suburbs furnished Callcott with several subjects, as "Genoese Coast near Recco" (1835), and "Recco" (1837), a picturesque town, between three and four miles from Genoa, noted for its "white houses and the lofty campanile of the church, backed by the richly-wooded hill and promontory of Porto Fino, which, stretching into the sea, forms the western shore of the bay of Rapallo." From the country about half-way between Genoa and Leghorn came a subject exhibited, like the "Camuglia" picture, in the Academy in 1832; this was "A Scene suggested by an Effect seen after heavy Rain in the Ligurian Mountains, near Sarzana." Some idea, perhaps, of the treatment of the subject may be formed from the lines Callcott added to the title:—

" Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky—

reflect the clear, mellow tints of a southern atmosphere. As usual there is little positive colour to be seen in the picture, except in a few of the figures, and even in them it is kept down so as not to disturb the general harmony.

There were sold at Messrs. Christie's, in 1846, among a collection of pictures whose owner's name did not appear, four or five by Callcott, one of which was an Italian subject, "The Bay of Spezzia," never exhibited, so far as I can ascertain; it then realised 201 guineas. Subsequently it passed into the hands of Mr. Charles Birch, of Birmingham, and again appeared in the same sale-rooms when, in 1855, the collection of that gentleman was dispersed: on that occasion "Spezzia Bay" rose to the value of 500 guineas; it is a rather large, upright landscape, most classical in composition, quiet and tender in colour.

"Recollections of the Campagna of Rome" was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1834; I have never chanced to see it, but it was thus spoken of in a contemporary publication:—"Of the numerous works exhibited by Mr. Callcott this season"—he had sent six to the Academy—"we find none more to our taste than this; it is one of those little long compositions of his, embracing a wide expanse of flat Italian scenery, in the representation of which and similar subjects, he has so greatly excelled. The figures introduced at either extremity are executed with taste and freedom; and, upon the whole, a more delightful picture of its class is scarcely to be desired."*

Among other pictures in the possession of Mr. Birch was one of Callcott's Italian compositions, simply called "Ruins near a River, with Bridge;" the design differs very little from the ordinary conventional of similar subjects by this artist. A large portion of the foreground is occupied by the river, which, at the base of the picture, becomes very narrow; here at the extreme left a flat-bottomed boat or punt is moored, and from it some packages are being landed, and are taken in charge by two men, one of whom is on horseback, and the other is standing by his horse, which has panniers slung across his back. In the middle-distance, on the right of the composition, is a bank sloping down to the water, and some cows standing near a small group of trees; a point of this bank juts out into the stream, where another boat is moored, broadside to the spectator. Beyond is another bank of much greater elevation than the nearer, and well wooded at its base; on this stands a long range of ruined buildings, consisting mainly of walls and towers: the roadway from these traverses a bridge of four arches only, the stream becoming here very narrow, and at the left end of the bridge are more ruins. The evening sun brilliantly illuminates the floating clouds, imparts warmth to the architecture, and reflects its radiance on the water where this is widest.

* "Arnold's Magazine of the Fine Arts." Vol. IV. 1834.

In that portion of the Vernon collection which is hung in Trafalgar Square is a picture of considerable dimensions, which was exhibited at the Academy in 1833; its title, "Entrance to Pisa from Leghorn." When it was in Mr. Vernon's house in Pall Mall, the picture was called "Port of Leghorn, the Gate leading to Pisa;" there is a discrepancy between the two titles, the latter inferring that the view is a portion of Leghorn, showing some gate which conducts to the neighbouring city of Pisa, about thirteen miles distant north-east; Leghorn has, in fact, such a gate, known as the north or Pisa gate. There is no question, however, that the scene represented is that by which it is now known; but why the "Port of Leghorn" should ever have formed part of the title is inexplicable. Pisa, considered the finest city in Tuscany, after Florence, stands in a rich plain watered by the Arno, which flows into the sea about four miles distant. Looking at the river as it now is in reality, or as Callcott has represented it, it is difficult to believe that in the earlier mediæval times Pisa was a maritime place of very considerable importance, and that the republic of Pisa possessed powerful fleets and armies of great numerical strength. During several centuries she disputed the supremacy of the Italian seas and ports with Genoa and other states, both European and African, till the Pisans suffered two severe defeats by the Genoese; one in 1284, when Oberto Doria, the first naval commander of the age, led the Genoese fleet against that of Pisa, and after a desperate engagement, which lasted the whole day, near Leghorn, completely destroyed it. Six years later Conrad Doria attacked the Porto Pisano, destroyed its towers, and rendered the Arno unnavigable for vessels of any size. From that time Pisa completely lost its rank as a maritime power.

The river divides the city into two nearly equal parts, which are connected by three bridges; one of these, that, it may be presumed, which is nearest the sea, appears very picturesquely in Callcott's work; this takes in a portion of the quay of the Arno, which the artist has enlivened with numerous groups of figures. On each side of the bridge are groups of buildings capitally situated for pictorial effect; and beyond it are various edifices backed by wooded heights rising from the banks of the Val d'Arno: but nowhere have we a glimpse of those famous structures that render Pisa one of the most interesting cities of Italy to those who love Art,—the noble group formed by the Duomo, or cathedral, the Baptistry, the Campanile, and the cemetery of the Campo Santo, which "rise in solemn tranquillity from the green meadow of close-shaven turf, apart from all the ordinary habitations of mankind." But these famous objects are not needed by way of giving additional value to the composition, which presents that combination of water with classic architecture that Callcott was accustomed to treat so ably. The view here is taken under the effect of a warm sunny evening, but it is painted in sober tones and with much delicacy, for even those parts left in deep shadows



ENTRANCE TO PISA FROM LEGHORN.





SIR A. W. CALLCOTT, R.A. PAINTER.

J. G. BENTLEY, ENGRAVER.

ENTRANCE TO PISA FROM LEGHORN.

and later date, showing a massive wall with an open archway in it, flanked by a strong circular tower connected with thick walls which are supported by heavy buttresses; and inasmuch as these walls stand much below the tower, the artist has placed opposite to them on the other, or right, side some modern Italian buildings. The Tiber occupies a large space in the centre of the picture, and in the middle are the remains of a very extensive bridge, stretching at one time quite across the river, but now showing a large portion of the centre broken away. All beyond is flat country, till, in the extreme distance, a range of lofty hills, but faintly seen in the dim horizon—dim by reason of the heated atmosphere—terminates the view. There is abundance of material in this picture, but it is arranged in a manner too formal and conventional, and yet somewhat incongruously, to render it agreeable. It does not look like nature, while it is deficient in the qualities of good composition.

Infinitely preferable to this work is another in the same series, taken from a picture belonging at the time to Dr. Chambers, and bearing only the title of an “Italian Landscape, with a Bridge.” This bridge, of several lofty arches, runs almost entirely across the canvas in the foreground, the river beyond it rushing over large boulders of rock, till it again appears in the distance quietly meandering through the level country on its course to the sea. On the right of the bridge is a roadway through an avenue of noble trees, which appears to conduct to some villas standing on an eminence commanding a magnificent panoramic view of the sea and its picturesque coast of main and insular land, with, in the extreme distance, a mountain that looks as if intended for Vesuvius. On the left of the bridge a short flight of steps leads from the small slip of ground in the front to the remains of a Roman temple and numerous buildings, among which is an amphitheatre of considerable extent. Life is given to the composition by the introduction of three figures in the foreground; one is a man reclining on a part of the stone wall that abuts on the river, two females, water-carriers, are conversing with him; these figures and the large white stones of the wall constitute the points of colour and light in the picture.

These Italian views are undoubtedly not the least interesting of Callcott’s works; they show refinement of feeling, a taste for the beauties of that classic land, and, for the most part, an aptitude for turning them to the best pictorial account; perhaps in this latter particular he has the advantage over Claude, with whom his pictures of this class have often been compared.

A more elegant and truly classical composition than that just described is a very small picture forming part of the Vernon collection at South Kensington, where it bears the title of "Italian Landscape." On the near bank of a river, over which several cows are passing, a man is conversing with a woman bearing a water-jar on her head; a rather high and abrupt bank forms a close background to the figures, which are only separated from it by a narrow breadth of water; this bank is covered with a mass of trees very graceful in formation, among which we catch a glimpse of the fragmentary columns and architrave of a small circular temple like that of Vesta at Tivoli. Below this, and standing out against the distant landscape, are some buildings, prominently a square tower, roofed; just in advance of this the river is crossed by a bridge of nine arches, varied in height and width; and at right-angles with it is another and lower bridge, of which two arches only appear. The middle-distance, seen over these two bridges, is made up of sloping ground, with two groups of trees, between which are some fine villas standing on a considerable elevation; another bridge of several arches is dimly visible at the foot of the sloping ground, and beyond is a stretch of open country lying softly under the influence of a sky singularly transparent and luminous in its serenity. This little picture is most beautiful in colour.

One of the coloured prints in the Dibdin series is called "The River Tiber, with Ruins;" it was taken from a picture which, when the work was published in 1847, is stated to have belonged to Miss Sheepshanks, of Reading; it bears the date 1841, but whether it ever was exhibited there is no record. It is an open subject, taking in a wide expanse of country; the sketch is presumably made from an elevated terrace, reaching from one side of the picture to the other; and from it a kind of bird's-eye view is obtained of the whole range of landscape. Seated on a step at the extreme left-hand side of the terrace, and beneath a fragment of architecture showing some sculptured figures, is an old grey-bearded man, bare-footed, and having the appearance of a traveller, for he has a stick in his hand, and a bundle lies by his side; the cloak he wears has a cowl, which is drawn over his head. On the opposite side of the terrace, which has steps, and corresponds in some measure with the other, is a female carrying in each hand a water-jar, and close to her are a man and woman in conversation seated on one of the steps of the terrace. Masses of architectural *débris* are scattered all about the foreground, and beyond is a flock of sheep following their shepherd; a viaduct of four arches over a deep ravine runs parallel with the base of the picture behind the three figures just spoken of, and serves to connect this elevated passage of foreground with another running out of the picture on the left; and on this stands a portion of a ruined temple—columns, architrave. To balance this, on the opposite side of the composition are some remains of edifices of a different style



APPENDIXES.



No. in Catalogue.	1809.	No. in Catalogue.	1821.
	6. The Watering-place.	194.	Dover, from the Sea—Wind against Tide.
107.	Llangollen Bridge.		1822.
193.	Windsor, from Eton.	171.	Smugglers alarmed by Change of Weather.
	1810.		1823.
127.	Landscape—Diana and Actæon.	158.	Dutch Market-Boats—Rotterdam.
182.	A Young Lady.		1824.
	1811.	160.	Rochester from the River below the Bridge.
112.	Itchen Ferry.		1825.
141.	Southampton, from Weston Grove.	Absent.	
198.	Apollo slaying the Sons of Niobe.		1826.
223.	Study from Nature.	102.	Quay at Antwerp during the Fair-time.
277.	Cattle at the Watering-place.	165.	Dutch Boats running foul in the endeavour to board, and missing the Painter-rope
367.	Morning.		1827.
432.	Scene from Capel Curig, N. W.	111.	Heavy Weather coming on—with Vessels running to Port.
450.	No title, but a poetical quotation.	173.	Bruges, from the Ghent Canal.
459.	Morning..	221.	Dead Calm—Boats off Cowes Castle.
519.	Travelling Tinker.	306.	The Thames below Greenwich.
	1812.		1828.
14.	Little Hampton Pier.	Absent.	
50.	The Cottager's Relief.		1829.
64.	Return from Market.	10.	The Fountain—Morning.
159.	Study from Nature.	66.	A Dutch Ferry.
198.	Mill near Llangollen.		1830.
329.	Hampton Court Bridge.	72.	Morning : an Italian Composition.
	1813.	85.	Scene in the Neighbourhood of Arnheim.
Absent.		105.	The Passage Point: an Italian Composition.
	1814.	172.	A Brisk Gale—Dutch East Indiaman landing Passengers.
Absent.		327.	Squally Weather.
	1815.		1831.
66.	Passage and Luggage Boats.	11.	Dutch Coast.
	1816.	61.	Evening : an Italian Landscape.
175.	Entrance to the Pool of London.	97.	Morning : an Italian Landscape.
	1817.	122.	Italian Landscape.
Absent.		135.	Canal of Bruges.
	1818.	136.	A Mill-dam.
95.	Mouth of the Tyne, with View of Shields.	307.	View of Trent, in the Tyrol.
	1819.	417.	A Sunny Morning.
86.	Rotterdam.		
	1820.		
81.	Dead Calm on the Medway.		



APPENDIX A.

PICTURES EXHIBITED BY SIR A. W. CALLCOTT, R.A., AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. in Catalogue.	1799.	No. in Catalogue.	1805.
540. Miss Roberts.		22. The Water-mill.	
	1800.	42. Moonrise—Fishermen drawing their Nets.	
Absent.		119. The Angler.	
	1801.	170. Morning.	
16. View of Oxford.		435. Distant Shower.	
104. Mr. Webb.		449. Scene between Bala and Dolgelly.	
372. Mr. Dignum.		470. Scene between Dudley and Bridgenorth.	
	1802.	490. Waterfall in the Vicinity of Tany Owlch, Merionethshire.	
80. Banks of a River.			1806.
121. Lago Maggiore—with a Thunderstorm.		70. The Brook.	
525. Dr. Grey.		105. Rural Scene—Midday.	
591. Moonlight.		241. Sea-coast, with Figures bargaining for Fish.	
618. Milking.		290. Calm—Figures shrimping.	
857. Morning.			1807.
	1803.	18. Market-day.	
164. The Gravel-pit.		76. Coast-scene.	
205. Morning.		167. Old Houses at Shrewsbury.	
229. Evening.		308. Cow-boys.	
516. Mr. Dignum.		427. Evening.	
556. A Heath—Peasants returning from Market.			1808.
743. Morning.		83. Mill near Llangollen.	
	1804.	105. Sea-coast, with Remains of Wreck.	
570. Windsor.		180. River Scene.	

APPENDIX B.

PICTURES BY SIR A. W. CALLCOTT, R.A., EXHIBITED AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

No. in
Catalogue. 1806.

4. A Heath, with Peasants.

1808.

260. Cow-boys.

1811.

95. Travelling Tinkers.
114. A Study from Nature.
195. A Study from Nature.

1812.

106. Travelling Tinkers.
159. A Study from Nature.
185. A Study from Nature.

1834.

3. A Dutch Ferry.
248. Landscape, with Figures.
236. Scene from "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

1835.

1. An Italian Girl dressed for the Festa.
167. Dutch Peasants coming to meet the Return of the Fishing-boats.
252. Falstaff in the Disguise of the Old Woman of Brentford, &c.
294. The Benighted Traveller—a Sketch.
295. "Relieve the Fatherless, plead for the Widow."

1838.

14. Murano.

No. in Catalogue.	1832.	No. in Catalogue.	1836.
	8. Sunset at Camuglia, a small sea-port ten miles S.E. of Genoa.		48. Dutch Peasants returning from Market.
61. The ruined Tomb.		110. Murano, the old Port of Venice.	
86. A Scene suggested by an Effect seen after heavy Rain in the Ligurian Mountains, near Sarzana.		130. Trent, in the Tyrol.	
100. The Wayworn Traveller.			
141. A Cross-road.			
187. An English Water-mill.			
271. Dutch Coast-Scene.			
332. A finished Sketch of Italian Girls going in Procession to their First Communion, &c.			
	1833.		
23. Shepherd's Boys with their Dogs.			
70. Harvest in the Highlands: the figures by E. Landseer, R.A., the Landscape by A. W. Callcott, R.A.			
185. Entrance to Pisa from Leghorn.			
221. Port of Savona, in the Gulf of Genoa.			
283. Morning on the Lower Rhine.			
359. Morning: an Italian Landscape.			
	1834.		
106. Port of Leghorn.			
121. Returning from Market.			
154. Cologne.			
189. Dutch Peasants waiting the return of the Passenger-boat.			
316. Recollections of the Campagna of Rome.			
368. A Dutch Landscape.			
	1835.		
13. Genoese Coast—near Recco.			
66. Midday—resting from the Harrow.			
101. Approach to Verona, from the Tyrol.			
118. Composition, from the Lago di Garda.			
			1837.
		104. Raffaelle and the Fornarina.	
		179. Recco, on the Coast of Genoa.	
			1838.
		9. Cicero's Tomb, near Mola di Gaeta.	
		15. Italian Composition, from materials near Rome.	
		67. Italian Composition, from materials at Baiæ.	
		176. Scene on the Rhine.	
		424. Dutch Boats leaving Port in Squally Weather.	
			1839.
		Absent.	
			1840.
		125. Milton dictating to his Daughters.	
			1841.
		Absent.	
			1842.
		10. An English Landscape—Composition.	
		166. An Italian Landscape—Composition.	
		262. Dort.	
			1843.
		Absent.	
			1844.
		78. A Stiff Breeze.	
		122. Italian Port—Sunrise.	
		129. Morning—an Italian Scene.	

APPENDIX D.

PICTURES BY, OR ATTRIBUTED TO, SIR A. W. CALLCOTT, R.A., SOLD IN THE AUCTION
ROOMS OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, AND WOODS, AND OF MESSRS. FOSTER
AND SON.

Where the name of the Collection is not given it did not appear in the Catalogue of the Sale. The names within brackets at the end are those of the purchasers.

1827. The River Arno (Lord De Tabley's collection), 124 gs.
The Pier at Little Hampton," 155 gs. (R. Vernon).
1831. Windsor Castle and Eton College, 31 gs.
1835. View on the Meuse—Sportsman on a Grey Horse (Lord Charles Townsend's collection), 310 gs.
(Sir Charles Coote).
1842. Cologne (Mr. J. Delafield's collection), 145 gs. (Mr. G. Knott).
Landscape—Arcadian Shepherds in a Valley—Sunset, 190 gs. (Mr. Bryant).
1845. Cologne (Mr. G. Knott's collection), 273 gs. (Mr. Pennell).
1846. Italian Church Interior, 91 gs.
Bay of Spezzia, 201 gs.
Launce and his Dog, 57 gs.
Milton and his Daughters—a sketch, 21 gs.
Sea-shore—a sketch, 13½ gs.
Grand English Landscape, said to be an early work, 180 gs.
1850. A Classical View in Italy, small (Mr. C. Meigh's collection), 17 gs.
Yarmouth Jetty, small, 39 gs.
View on the Rhine, small, 13 gs.
Crossing the Brook; the sketch for the picture called Dutch Peasants returning from Market, 30 gs.
(Engraved in this volume.)
Classical Landscape, large, 450 gs.
Landscape, small, 46 gs.
1852. Looking out—a marine view (Mr. W. Wells's collection), 160 gs.
Landscape—with trees and buildings, a small and early picture, 65 gs.
1855. Bay of Spezzia, 500 gs.
Water-mill—Windsor Castle in the Distance, 140 gs.
Both pictures were in the collection of Mr. C. Birch.

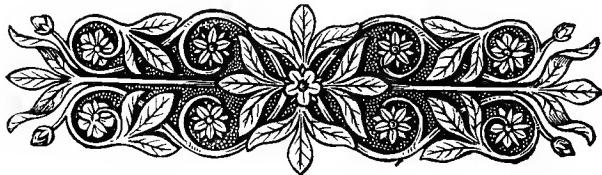
APPENDIX C.

PICTURES BY SIR A. W. CALLCOTT, R.A., EXHIBITED IN 1845 AT THE BRITISH
INSTITUTION AMONG THE WORKS OF ANCIENT AND DECEASED MASTERS.

No. in Catalogue.		Owner.
124. An Italian Landscape		<i>Sir John Swinburne, Bart.</i>
125. Raphael and the Fornarina *		<i>Duke of Bedford.</i>
129. Morning		<i>The Royal Academy.</i>
131. Landscape, with Figures		<i>Lady Chantrey.</i>
132. Sea-piece		<i>Lord Colborne.</i>
133. A Study from Nature		<i>Sir Thomas Baring, Bart.</i>
134. Sea-piece		<i>Duke of Norfolk.</i>
135. The Quay at Antwerp		<i>Duke of Bedford.</i>
140. Passage and Luggage-Boats		<i>Sir John Swinburne, Bart.</i>
141. Sea-piece		<i>Colonel Wyndham.</i>
143. Columbus		<i>Mr. Justice Coltman.</i>
144. An Italian Composition		<i>Miss Sheepshanks.</i>
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